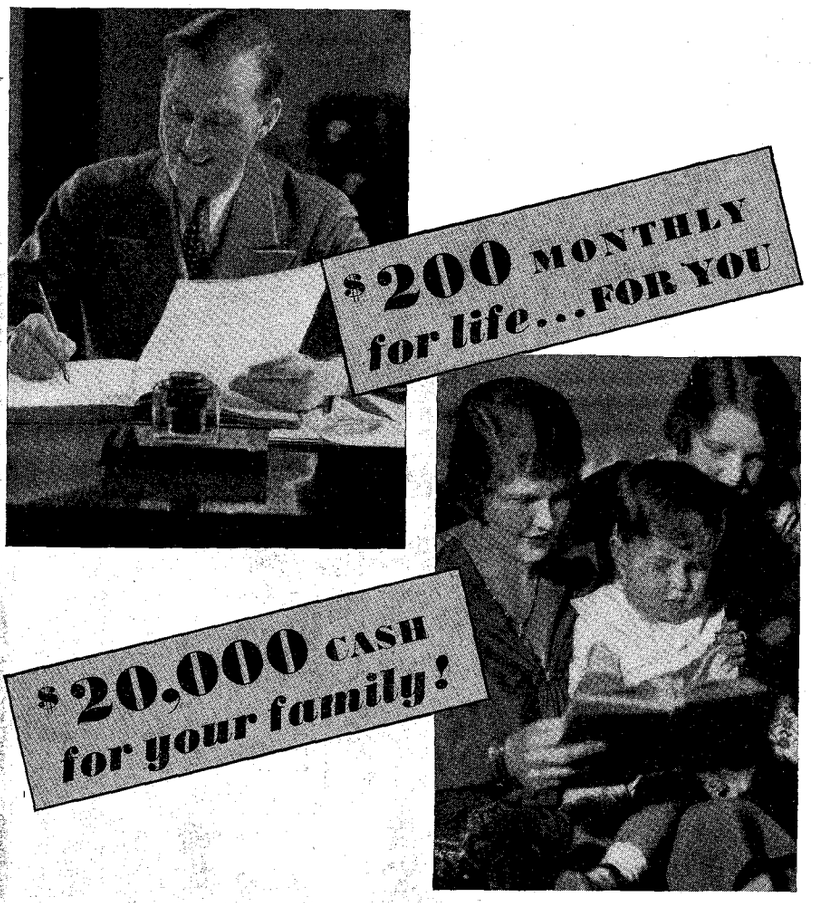

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for FEBRUARY 11, 1933

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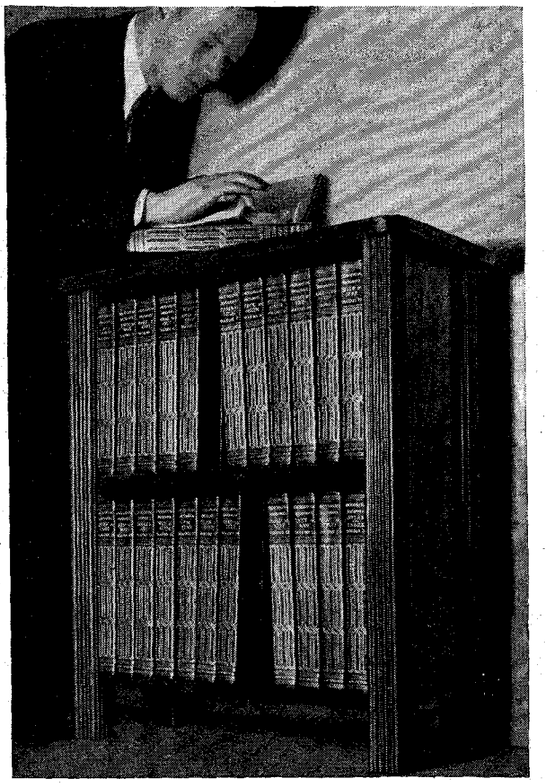

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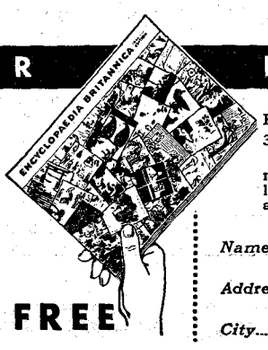

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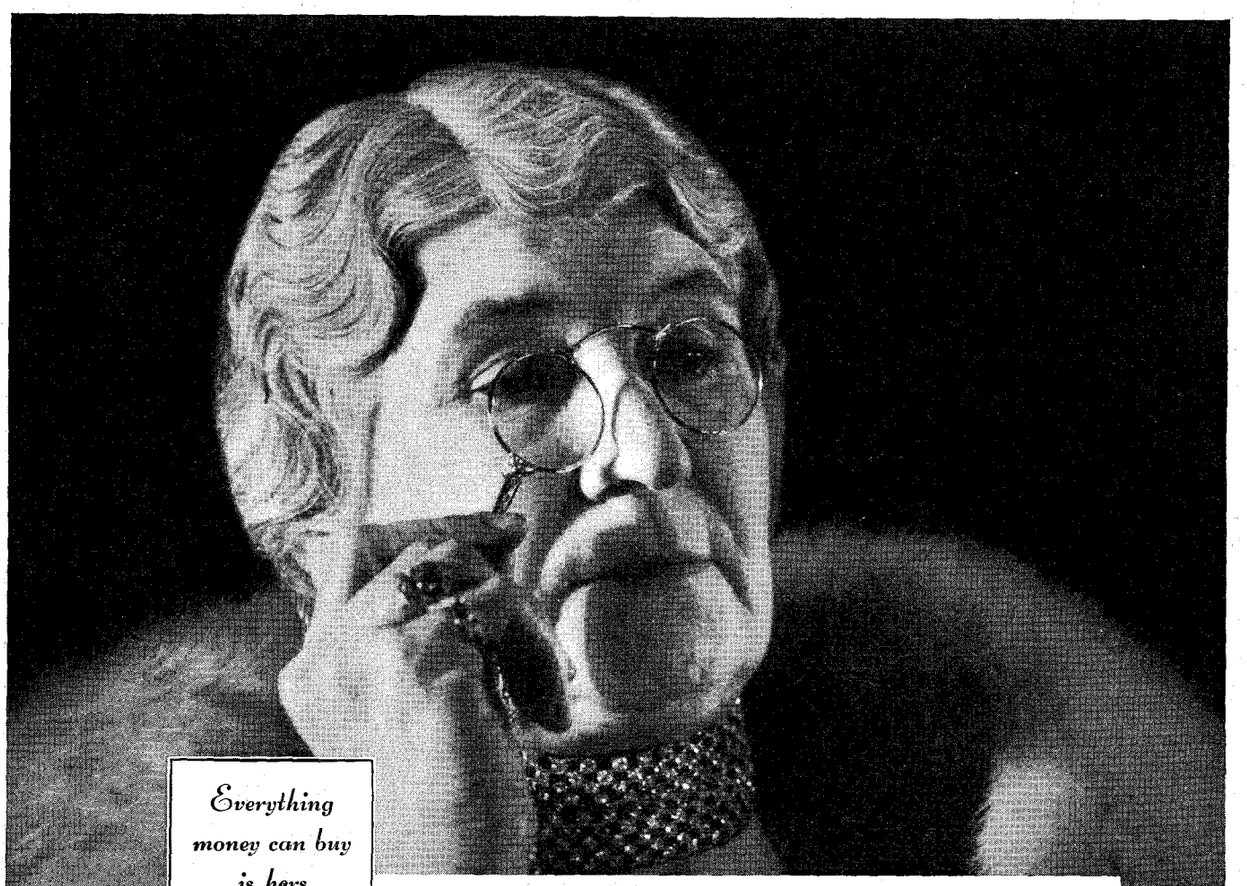

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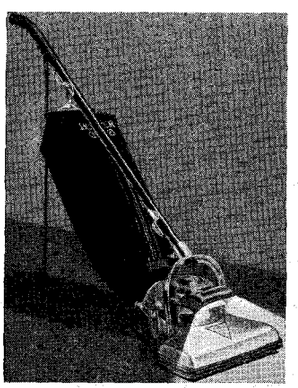

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Inflation—Curse or Cure?

WASHINGTON, WALL STREET, every Middle Western village, post-office, or filling-station where farmers meet, echo with demands for and denunciations of what we call inflation.

Senator Borah voices the demand in a cry for an "honest dollar." Secretary Mills argues that what the inflationists want wouldn't help the least bit to ease the depression, and might lead to a complete financial crash.

In general, conservatives oppose, progressives tend to approve, inflationary measures.

True, inflationists met a defeat when the Senate rejected the silver amendments to the Glass banking bill so decisively, and some press observers argue from that that their campaign is necessarily a losing one. But the Springfield *Republican* inclines to think that the eighteen votes in favor of silver remonetization do not measure the full strength of inflationist sentiment. It says the immediate outlook is "for a struggle crossing party lines over inflation in some of its cruder forms," and it predicts a real collision "in a special session of Congress in the coming spring, unless the economic situation shows marked betterment as the spring advances."

A Ghost Reappears

—Ireland in the Columbus "Dispatch."

WHAT out-and-out inflationists want is cheaper dollars. And they argue that we must either make the dollar cheaper by decreasing its value, or make it cheaper as compared with commodities by turning out more dollars.

Ever since the depression started there has been inflationary talk in Congress and, of late, inflationary proposals have been piling up rapidly. It may be remembered that the last Congress did put through two mild inflationary measures in the Glass-Borah plan for extending the circulation privilege of national banks and in the Glass-Steagall plan for increasing the availability of reserve-bank gold holdings.

It may be something of a surprize to most of us to learn that more than fifty inflation bills have been introduced in Congress during the present session. Practically all of these bills, writes Morris D. Ervin of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, fall into seven general classes. And, perhaps, an enumeration of these classes in Mr. Ervin's own words would be the best way to show what the various types of inflationists have in mind. As we read:

"There is first the proposal to issue fiat money. The Patman bill for the immediate payment of the bonus and the Rankin-Thomas bill which proposes to issue 'Liberty notes' for the payment of Treasury deficits are of this type.

"Second, are the bills that propose currency secured otherwise than by gold or silver. The Frazier-Sinclair-Patman bill would provide for government financing of farm mortgages at face value by issuance of Federal Reserve notes without gold backing and covered only by bonds secured by first mortgages on farm property. Another, the Campbell bill, provides for the issuance of full legal tender Treasury notes at the request of States, counties, municipalities or townships which present as security bonds based on local public improvements.

"Third, there are the bills that propose additional currency secured by government bonds that have already been issued. The Borah-Glass amendment to the Home Loan Bank bill, now law, which permitted an increase in national-bank notes by giving bonds bearing interest at 3⅜ per cent. and less, a privilege theretofore limited to 2 per cent. bonds, was a mild form of inflation. Other bills since introduced would give the circulation privilege to all United States bonds.

"Fourth, are a number of bills that propose the renewed use, in some form, of silver as a monetary metal.

"Fifth, are the bills that provide for some revaluation of the gold dollar. Some of these bills follow the plans of Prof. Irving Fisher for a compensated dollar. Several bills propose what would amount to a 50 per cent. increase in the official price of gold.

"Sixth, are those bills similar to the Goldsborough bill, passed by the House at the last session, which propose to control the price-level by use of the powers of the Federal Reserve System, including its so-called open-market operations under which the Reserve Banks expand credit and currency by buying and selling government bonds. Some of these bills propose to have the Reserve Board control the price of gold.

"Seventh, are plans such as the McFadden bill which would abolish the gold standard and the Federal Reserve System and set up a new monetary system based on units of 'human effort.'"

JUDGING from the Washington dispatches, it would seem that the inflationary movement is growing in Congress, but this very growth is provoking plans to head it off. Arthur Sears Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* calls attention to a rising tide of sentiment in both Houses of Congress for increasing the volume of money in order to restore predepression commodity price-levels. There are such inflationists in the Senate as Messrs. Borah, Wheeler, Thomas of Oklahoma, Long of Louisiana, Connally of Texas, and a recent recruit, Smoot of Utah. And in the House there are leaders like Representatives Rainey of

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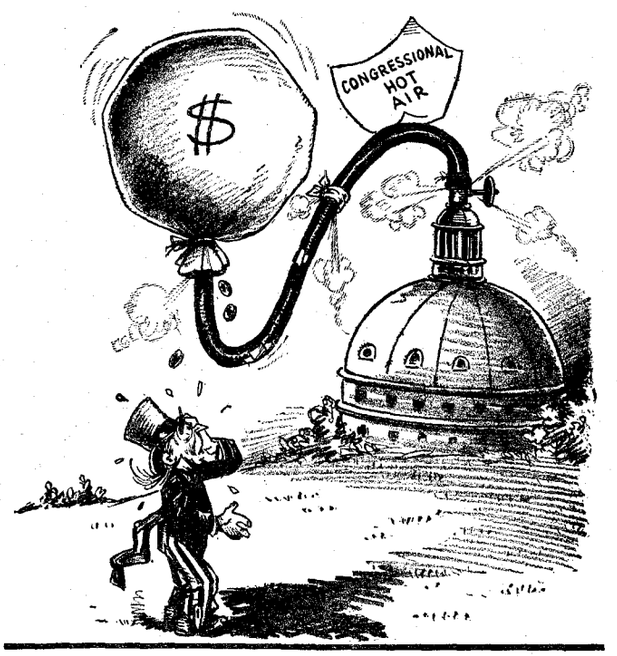
Illinois, Patman of Texas, Steagall of Alabama, Busby of Mississippi. and Goldsborough of Maryland.

On the other hand, conservative leaders are said to be moving actively to head off in one way or another inflationary legislation in the next session of Congress—Hoover vetoes are expected to put a finish to any such measures enacted by the present Congress. For instance, there is Senator Harrison's resolution calling for an investigation of the whole economic problem by hearings to which all sorts of experts would be invited. Then there are definite plans for legislation under Democratic auspices intended to stave off inflation by stimulating trade and thus raising prices so as to make inflation unnecessary. Jay G. Hayden, who thinks that the inflation movement will die down in the next session of Congress, calls attention to what he understands to be the



That Currency Inflation Scheme Ought to Be Easy

—Byck in the Brooklyn "Times-Union."

Roosevelt program for reviving business without any inflationary medicine. He says in the Detroit *News:*

"Foremost in the list undoubtedly is the hope of international action which will stabilize currencies, reduce trade barriers, and otherwise promote an upturn in the foreign trade levels, which have been steadily declining since the depression began three and a half years ago. It is to this end that it is proposed to tackle the troublesome issue of war debts as a first step after March 4.

"Secondly, Roosevelt would add to the purchasing power of the farmers by some sort of artificial stimulation of prices of basic commodities.

"Third, the Democrats are determined to do something to make easier the process of liquidation of debts.

"Finally, the Democrats are considering ways and means of broadening the activities of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation with a view of providing jobs for the present unemployed."

But such plannings do not stop the noisy debate over inflation. It is possible to select one or two typical utterances on each side. First, let us hear from Senator Borah. In a public statement he tells us that the Federal budget can not be balanced—"except on paper." At present, he points out, the rest of the world, except France, is on a managed currency basis. So—

"While our dollar climbs in value their currency is accommodated to their economic situation. The result is that we are not only losing our foreign markets but we are losing our domestic markets."

And the Idaho Senator asks how the taxpayers can furnish the money to balance the budget "until you devise a plan for increasing the prices of commodities?" And, "is there any way to do that except through reflation, through adjustment of the money problem?"

A few days later Mr. Borah stands up on the floor of the Senate to assert emphatically that "a dollar which takes three times as much wheat to buy, three and four times as much cotton to buy, two or three times as many hogs to buy in 1933 as it did in 1929 is not an honest dollar; it is a dishonest dollar." The Senator has no desire for uncontrolled inflation. What he is hoping for "is not a cheap dollar or a dishonest dollar, but a dollar which does equity between the debtor and the creditor."

A consistent advocate of inflation is the Philadelphia *Record*, which "believes that stabilization of the value of the dollar by controlled inflation is the only immediate cure for the depression." It insists that "it is as much the function of the Government to maintain a staple dollar value as it is to stop counterfeiting or enforce contracts." It argues:

"Having pledged the Government's credit to support railroads, banks, farm co-operatives, agriculture, Washington is faced by two alternatives.

"Either it steps in by inflation to raise the price level and stimulate business so that it can get its money back.

"Or else it permits prices to continue their fall and is ultimately forced to take over many of our railroads, banks, insurance companies and agricultural marketing associations.

"Inflation or State Socialism are the alternatives.

"Hesitation in applying the first may force the Government into the second.

"Inflation is the last hope of American individualism."

Conspicuous on the other side, Secretary of the Treasury Mills again and again returns to denounce inflation. He declares it would result in "ruin to the economic life of the nation and terrible disaster to all of its people." He argues:

"Assuming we could bring about at will an increase in the volume and velocity of credit in use, and that a general rise in prices might ensue, there is nothing to indicate that this process of itself would restore a proper relationship between the prices for different commodities or groups of commodities. In fact, it is conceivable that it might increase the maladjustment."

It would seem that the large majority of the important newspapers, particularly in the East, prefer Secretary Mills's ideas to those of Senator Borah. Many of them feel that the great trouble is that inflation once started could not be controlled.

Walter Lippmann, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, finds the fallacy of currency inflation to be this:

"If you issue a little more currency, say one billion or two billions more, and convince people that that is all you are going to issue, it won't make any appreciable difference in the level of prices. The proof of that is that we have nearly a billion more currency than in 1929, and prices are much lower. If, on the other hand, you issue great amounts of new currency, the amount which would be necessary to bring the total quantity of money back to 1929, you will make the currency worthless. For no one in his senses will wish to accept a currency which is going to be expanded ten or twelve times.

"A currency inflation which would really raise prices would have to be such an enormous inflation that it would be uncontrollable. A currency inflation which was moderate and under strict control would not raise prices."

Finally, the Cleveland *News* calls the inflation idea a "lopsided proposal." "Temporarily and sporadically" inflation may raise prices, "but it will not raise wages, at least not in the same proportion." So this paper in the Ohio city contends that while the industrial worker is willing to do all he can to help the farmer, "he can not be expected to subscribe to a scheme which would ruin the dollar and at the same time foist high prices upon him."

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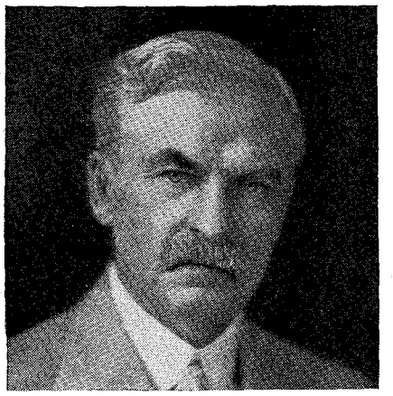

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James A. Farley
For Postmaster-General

Thomas J. Walsh
For Attorney-General

Carter Glass
For Secretary of the Treasury

Three Possible Recruits for the Ship of State's New Crew

The Cabinet Jigsaw Puzzle

IT'S A NEW GUESSING GAME, and the whole nation is playing it.

Who will be in the Roosevelt Cabinet?

From coast to coast and back again a wave of speculation rolls as editors, politicians, and plain citizens try to weld the rumors, claims, denials, hints, and suggestions into a coherent whole.

Ten places for Mr. Roosevelt to fill—who will get them? To the onlooker it's like a jigsaw puzzle, with fewer pieces, but far more complicated. For just as one has his imaginary Cabinet nicely fitted together, with a capable man in each place, he discovers that he hasn't allowed for geographical representation, and has to start all over again.

Even the newspaper correspondents who accompanied the President-elect to Warm Springs, Georgia, where the actual Cabinet-building was pushed, have had a hard time of it.

One correspondent "exprest the opinion that the President-elect was playing a sort of game with the reporters in this Cabinet business, and greatly enjoyed puzzling them."

So writes Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun*, a statement that seemed borne out when Mr. Roosevelt wagered that no appointments would be announced before he sailed for a fishing cruise.

"I will bet you," he told reporters, as quoted by the Associated Press, "that 80 per cent. of your stories on the Cabinet will be wrong."

BUT out of the mass of rumors and denials, competent observers feel that they are on solid ground when they point to three men as certain to be in the Cabinet. They are James A. Farley for Postmaster-General; Senator Carter Glass of Virginia for Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana for Attorney-General.

"If these two appointments (Glass and Walsh) should be made," says the Providence *Journal*, "we would have a new illustration of the fact that the day of the septuagenarian in national leadership is not at an end, if indeed anybody ever thought it was. For Senator Walsh is in his seventy-fourth year and Senator Glass is in his seventy-sixth."

A small, spare man, Senator Glass, despite his years, still maintains his reputation as a rough-and-tumble Senate scrapper. A former Secretary of the Treasury in the Wilson Cabinet, he is recognized as the Senate's outstanding authority on banking. Giving a thumb-nail sketch of the Senator in one of his radio broadcasts for THE LITERARY DIGEST, Edwin C. Hill said of him:

"If he doesn't command love, he certainly commands respect. For of all our Senators, the outspoken, irascible Virginian stands out in his blazing contempt for stupidity, hypocrisy, and dishonesty.

"He has an amusing way of talking out of one corner of his mouth. President Wilson, a very acute observer with a keen sense of humor, sat with Senator Glass in Princeton, New Jersey, in 1912, while they wrote the Federal Reserve Act.

"After the bill was put through Congress, the President said of his friend and coworker: 'He did that out of one corner of his mouth. Then what could he do if he would use both sides?'"

Political observers are confident that the Virginian will be in the Cabinet despite the fact that his health is impaired and that influential Democrats interested in currency inflation are opposed to him.

THOMAS J. WALSH, a member of the Senate since 1913, is famous for his prosecution of the oil-scandal cases in the Harding Administration. Small, slender, blue-eyed, he has an iron-gray mustache that won him the Washington nickname of "Old Walrus." He does not smoke, and drinks neither liquor, coffee, nor tea.

"To Walsh 'duty' is an obsession," Douglas Gilbert once wrote of him in the New York *World-Telegram*. "He is naive—a Rollo type; an ascetic, elderly Rover boy."

"He is one of the ablest lawyers in either branch of Congress," writes J. F. Essary in the Baltimore *Sun*, "and might well be persuaded that the Attorney-Generalship is the place where he could round out his career with great satisfaction to himself."

As for "Sunny Jim" Farley, he is put down as a certainty for the Postmaster-Generalship, because that is the customary reward for campaign managers of successful Presidential candidates.

"It was Farley and Farley alone who saved the day when amateurish blunders nearly wrecked the Roosevelt cause at Chicago," says Mr. Hill—

"For he combines with an astonishing capacity for hard work an almost artless sincerity and a wonderful capacity for making friends and cooling angry passions.

"He's a broth of a boy, is Jim, take him up and down. He looks like a heavyweight fighter with his six feet two and a half of height and his 215 pounds, and not an ounce of fat on his strapping frame. He's built like Jack Dempsey and walks with the same swinging stride. At forty-four he retains the pink-and-white complexion of a boy, along with his boyish grin.

"But the thatch has thinned on the Farley dome, and gives scant shade to the light-blue eyes that twinkle with humor or flash with spirit under the Farley brows. His most attractive feature is that smile, revealing his white teeth, and throwing up a hundred tiny wrinkles at the corners of his eyes."

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Saving the Nation's Farms From Foreclosure

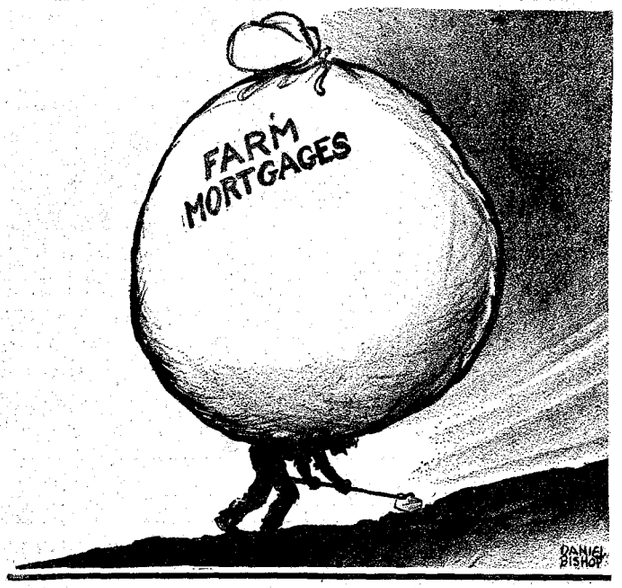
NO MORE FORECLOSURES!

Just in the nick of time Farmer Doe is saved. The villain in the great farm-mortgage melodrama now being enacted in practically every State turns out to be a hero in disguise—a fine, generous fellow.

High in the air sail editorial hats.

Jubilant head-lines shout out the good news that the great life-insurance companies decide to suspend foreclosure activities on all farms occupied by owners. Something like $1,700,000,000 is involved.

Leadership in the national movement, the New York *Times* tells us, was taken by the Prudential Insurance Company, with its announcement that it would drop all foreclosure activities against owner-occupied farms "throughout the country, effective immediately." This action followed the initiative taken by the New York Life Insurance Company in suspending farm foreclosures in Iowa.



The Man With the Hoe

—Bishop in the Muskogee "Phoenix."

ON top of this, the United Press wires from Washington, the Controller of the Currency has instructed receivers of closed national banks to fall into line with this liberal and lenient policy.

Farmer Doe is saved—*for the time being!* But not all editorial hats are tossed into the air. Far from the scene of the rural miseries sharpened by mortgage foreclosure, the New York *Sun* interjects this disconcerting question:

"It is possible to have full sympathy for the woes of a mortgagor yet not forget the rights and necessities of a mortgagee. If by law Farmer Doe should be protected against foreclosure, he need not pay the interest on the mortgage. What becomes of the aged mortgagee, Widow Roe, whose only source of income is the interest now legally defaulted?"

This aspect of the complex problem is evident also to the Sioux Falls *Argus-Leader*, out in the big live-stock and dairy country. All the Farmer Does of the country are reminded that the mortgagee also has his obligations to meet. In an editorial telegraphed to THE LITERARY DIGEST, this South Dakota daily reminds the farmers:

"It is not proper to assume that only a cold, lifeless corporation such as an insurance company or a bank is harmed when a farm mortgage can not be paid.

"Behind the insurance companies are widows and dependent families.

"Among the depositors of banks are men and women whose savings throughout a life of thrift, work, and self-denial are tied up in the bank's mortgages."

GREAT differences in conditions exist in the various regions of the country and among individual farms, the Kansas City *Star* reminds us by wire. Therefore, there can be no wholesale nostrum for the farm-mortgage disease:

"In some sections in the Central States and the East the mortgage burden is not nearly so heavy as in other parts of the country. Obviously discrimination is required in meeting the various problems."

To the powerful Chicago *Tribune*, with its wide circulation in the so-called "bread-basket" rural regions, it is obvious that the insurance companies and all large holders of farm mortgages prefer to have the owner go ahead in possession "if there is any chance of satisfying the claims against his property." Nevertheless, *The Tribune* skeptically insists:

"The mortgage problem as it afflicts the farm regions could stand a little more precise investigation than it seems to have had."

BUT for vehement, outspoken Richard Lloyd Jones, editor of the insurgent, independent, Democratic Tulsa *Tribune*, Wall Street remains the arch-villain of the whole melodrama. In his editorial, relayed by wire to THE DIGEST, this Tulsa editor sails right into the "financial octopi":

"If foreclosures not only on farms, but also on city real estate and industries, are not suspended until the Federal Government issues money for the people and not for the banks, and until the Government dismembers such financial octopi as the Chase and National City banks, there just won't be any property, as we know property, for the Wall Street Louies to play with.

"They have so long been convinced that this is their Government that they no longer have a thimble-full of social sense, and no economic patriotism.

"The moratorium idea is wise. It is moratorium or busted insurance companies. The people are taking a hand in their own game now."

The Wichita *Beacon* looks upon the action of the great insurance companies as "in line with the progressive policies that have given insurance stability to-day only matched by government bonds"; but this daily points out that "banks, however, State and national, in many cases have neither the power nor the ability to follow a similar course." Looking at the whole problem impassively and impartially, the South Bend *Tribune* notes that "the proceeds of foreclosures at present market values do not justify foreclosure efforts."

FOR the Sioux City (Iowa) *Tribune*, this whole crisis emerges as but one symptom of a much more profound national malady

"The big insurance companies must now realize that when Iowa land will not yield sufficient to pay taxes, there is a screw loose in some other part of the economic machinery. It is best for both creditor and debtor to maintain the status quo until economic readjustment can be effected."

Both are victims of this world-wide depression, agrees the Indianapolis *Star*. "Their interests are mutual, and they should cooperate in the present emergency." This new mortgage moratorium, optimistically concludes the Wichita *Eagle*, squares with historic American practise in economic stress:

"The almost insuperable debt burden has been adjusted in the past very largely by a natural working out of the problem, including voluntary scaling down of the obligation by the creditor and very little by legislative action."

For the Grand Forks (N. Dak.) *Herald*, "the action of the insurance companies will act as oil on turbulent waters stirred up by the agrarian revolt in the Middle West."

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The "Crisis" of Foreign Dumping Here

WE ARE PAYING AN ENORMOUS PRICE.

One million men thrown out of jobs. A loss of $10,000,000 a day.

That's what it's costing us to let countries with depreciated currencies dump their goods on the American market. Huge quantities of cheap foreign merchandise are sweeping over the tariff wall to undersell our own manufactures.

Such, at least, is the vehement charge made by Republicans in Congress, and by business leaders.

"Our whole business structure is being inoculated in such a way that it is becoming completely demoralized," declares James A. Farrell, former president of the United States Steel Corporation.

Grim warnings and strong protests mingle with a pooh-pooh chorus as the argument is joined in Congress and in the press.

Republican members of the House urge legislation at this session, and demand that American industries be put on the same footing as foreign competitors in the American market.

And hearings are held on a bill introduced by a Democrat, Representative Samuel B. Hill of Washington, which would put a special import tax on the goods of any country whose currency has depreciated 5 per cent. or more.

Some Washington observers view this proposal as a source of embarrassment to the Democratic party, and comment ironically on the party's traditional fight against high tariffs.

That the tariff act is being nullified by an influx of electric-light bulbs, teapots, rubber goods, and other assorted merchandise from a number of countries is the contention of those demanding special legislation.

One of the strongest advocates of new protective measures is Mr. Farrell, who urged immediate action by the House Ways and Means Committee. He indicated a belief, as the United Press correspondent tells us, that "some nations might have abandoned the gold standard to improve their business position in world trade"—

"'Stabilized currency is one of the greatest needs of the world, and these countries won't stabilize as long as they can get in the market the way they do.

"'These countries are having the time of their lives in flooding the United States with depreciated-currency goods.'

"Mr. Farrell appeared on behalf of the Foreign Trade Bureau of the United States Chamber of Commerce."

To illustrate how countries with depreciated currencies can dump their goods on the American market, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* quotes from a speech made last October by Senator Reed, Republican, Pennsylvania. He said:

"It costs the General Electric Company $3.72 a hundred to make 60-watt electric-light bulbs. The Japanese, thanks to debasement of their currency, are landing similar bulbs in America, duty paid, at a profit to the Japanese manufacturers, for $3.12 a hundred—and the bare mill cost to make them in America is $3.72. Seventy-nine millions of those bulbs have come in since the first of January, 1932."

"It is a fact not disputed by the most ardent low-tariff partizans," writes Mark Sullivan in one of his copyrighted dispatches to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that depreciated currencies all over the world have made the existing Smoot-Hawley tariff law obsolete." He adds:

"If this condition is to be stopt, there are two ways: one is to raise the American tariff, the other to bring about world-wide stabilization of currencies.

"President Hoover is said to believe in stabilization of world currencies as the sounder permanent cure; but readily concedes that this process may take a long time, and that, meanwhile, there is need for temporary adjustments of the tariff upward."

But all this is just a scare; there is no cause for alarm, if we take the statements of the opposing camp.

"Hoover Tariff Plan Viewed as Move to Harass Roosevelt," says a head-line in the Philadelphia *Record*. And under it is this assertion by Elliott Thurston, Washington correspondent:

"The Hoover theory of depreciated foreign currencies is contradicted by his own Tariff Commission and by statistics of the Bureau of Customs of the Treasury Department.

There's More Ways Than One of Crossing a Wall

—Byck in the Brooklyn "Times."

"The statistics reflect no flood of goods from nations off the gold standard."

And on the same day, J. F. Essary sent this dispatch from Washington to the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Investigation has revealed that officials, both of the Tariff Commission and the Bureau of Customs, know of no 'dumping' upon the American market that can be regarded as serious and that the so-called 'flooding' of this market is not reflected in the import figures.

"Democratic leaders, on their part, contend that there is no real menace to American commerce as a result of the depreciated currencies abroad, and that about the only American business interests that are severely damaged are those that have refused to reduce their domestic prices to a moderate level."

The drive for higher tariff rates is simply a move "to stuff the little cracks and crevices," declares Senator Cordell Hull, Tennessee Democrat. "What we need is concerted world action to deal with our monetary situation and not more tariffs and embargoes and barriers that prevent freer trade intercourse."

An early showdown is assured, at least in the House. By resorting to the drastic discharge petition, sponsors of the legislation obtained the necessary 145 signatures, assuring a vote, February 13, on discharging the Ways and Means Committee. A majority vote then, we read, will place the measure before the House for consideration.

The bill under petition is one offered by Representative Crowther, New York Republican, and is similar to the Hill bill.

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Secession, 1933, Gets a Laugh

IS THE EAST BLEEDING THE WEST?

Are the financiers the industrialists, grinding down the farmer and waxing fat while their victim is forced step by step toward the poorhouse?

Anyway, here is a North Dakota Senator, a legislator for twenty-four years, standing in the State Capitol at Bismarck and not only asking the questions but virtually framing them as charges against Wall Street and beneficiaries of the tariff.

What does he propose?

Nothing less than secession. Thirty-nine States should secede, he declares, leaving the other nine, "the financial East," to themselves.

"This resolution," declares Senator W. E. Martin, "is presented for the education of the people, to let them know that the East is getting rich at our expense."

His proposal brings a hail of derision. But many editors, while discounting his remedy, are sympathetic in their comment.

"It is not right," asserts the Duluth *News-Tribune*, "that industry should be given protection denied agriculture." And the Wichita *Beacon*, while it does not take Senator Martin's proposal seriously, agrees that "the East, politically and economically, has been running the country entirely too long, and not for the nation's general good."

Wide World

Advocates Secession

Eighty-three-year-old State Senator W. E. Martin, of North Dakota, urges thirty-nine States to secede from "the financial East," which is "getting rich at our expense."

Before turning to the other side, let us take a closer look at Senator Martin's proposal. As the Associated Press correspondent at Bismarck tells us:

"The resolution says Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Jersey 'have so manipulated Congress and Congressional legislation that said States have become rich at the expense of the rest of the Union.'

"It proposes the remaining States secede, 'carrying with us the Star-Spangled Banner, and leaving them the stripes which they richly deserve.'"

WHETHER the resolution should be published in the journal of the Senate "precipitated a turbulent debate," with charges hurled that it "bordered on treason and sedition." Finally, by a vote of 28 to 25, permission to publish it was granted.

This is simply "wild-jackassery" to the Boston *Evening Transcript*, and the Charleston *Daily Mail* adds "that the proposal is silly is the best that can be said of it."

"North Dakota's legislators should begin to feel a little ashamed by this time," says the Galveston *Tribune*, in one of the States nominated for secession, "ashamed of acting like children and more ashamed of adding even a mite to the sectionalism which keeps this country split up into many units."

Pointing out that the nine States have but eighteen of the ninety-six national Senators and 122 of the 435 Representatives, the Minneapolis *Tribune* remarks that "any ten Middle Western States, if they stand solidly together in the Senate, can outvote the financial East in the Senate six days in the week."

North Dakota in 1931 contributed to the Federal revenue less than $750,000 and received in Federal aid about $2,283,000, "a neat profit, it would seem," says the Chicago *Tribune*. On the other hand, it adds, "one of the abandoned States alone, New York, paid in over a billion and a quarter dollars and received in Federal aid nine million."

Court Victory for a Rum Ship

HALF A MILE INSIDE THE TWELVE-MILE limit. That's where his vessel was seized as a rum-runner.

But this Canadian craft could travel only ten miles an hour. Therefore, she was not within an hour's sailing distance of shore. Consequently, her seizure by the Coast Guard was illegal.

So argued Capt. Frank Cook, skipper of the *Mazel Tov*, and now the Supreme Court of the United States has sustained him. Its decision puts a treaty above the tariff laws.

By taking the Canadian side of the argument, the court ends a dispute that threatened to riddle the agreement whereby Canada helps the United States in suppressing the international liquor traffic.

"The court held," as the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* tells us, "that in cases of vessels of British and Canadian registry, the 1924 treaty with Great Britain superseded the provisions of the 1922 and 1930 tariff acts"—

"The court's opinion declared, therefore, that coast guardsmen may board, search, and seize British and Canadian vessels only when they are less than one hour's sailing distance from the American shore, instead of within a twelve-mile limit as provided by the tariff act.

"This was the contention of the Canadian Government when protests were made in the *Mazel Tov* seizure, and it was the contention of Captain Cook when the case was carried to court.

"The vessel was seized eleven and one-half miles off shore on the night of November 1, 1930, with a cargo of liquor aboard. Boat and cargo were brought into Providence, Rhode Island, and a penalty of $14,286 assessed. Taking the case into Federal Court, the ship's master declared his vessel could not make more than ten miles an hour, and that the seizure had therefore been in violation of the treaty."

EDITORIAL applause greets the Supreme Court decision. It is "in accordance with prudence and common sense," says the Providence *News-Tribune* in the city where the court fight was initiated.

"This opinion appears to be solidly based in law and in policy," thinks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, adding that "the Coast Guard has too often gone beyond the limits of its authority in making seizures."

Appreciation of what Canada has done to help the United States in fighting the liquor traffic is exprest by the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin:*

"Under the circumstances it seemed doubtful policy to offend a neighbor who had shown such willingness to cooperate in breaking up Rum Row. Canada had waived as to rum-runners the right it might claim for its ships to exemption from search and seizure outside the three-mile limit, a claim which it otherwise maintains. Likewise it has sacrificed considerable revenue by prohibiting exports of its liquor to dry countries."

But this decision is "only a slight gain for the sanctity of treaties," notes the St. Louis *Star*, for—

"It is still possible for Congress to pass laws violating treaties, and have them upheld. This one was knocked out because the 1930 tariff act merely repeated the language of the 1922 tariff, which had been modified by the 1924 treaty, and the court held that Congress had no intention of re-establishing the 1922 provision as far as Canada was concerned."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

A GOOD Technocrat, no doubt, would vote the machine ticket. —*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

As for framing a giant Federal relief bill for farmers, it must be done without framing the rest of the population.—*Washington Post.*

IF Japan wants to fight us, it will have to agree to hold the war in some country where the names are easier to pronounce. —*San Diego Union.*

A MAN recently crossed Broadway, New York, by walking a rope stretched from the top of one tall building to another—the coward.—*Thomaston Times.*

A CAREFUL reading of the public prints reveals this great truth: An eminent investment banker is a man who can tell you whether to give the money to Insull or to Kreuger.—*The New Yorker.*

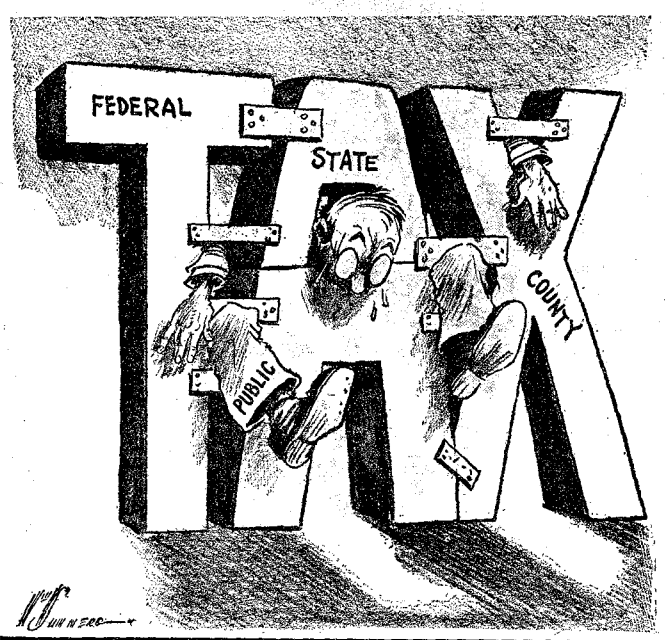
LOOKS as tho the Filipinos will gain a free hand but lose a free market.—*Weston Leader.*

THAT farm aid Congress has been handing the farmer seems to be in the lemon-aid class.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

WE, the sovereign people, are getting a taste of what's happened to sovereigns elsewhere.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE Lame-Duck Amendment, you know, will shorten the interval between the time we pick the President and the time we pick on him.—*Boston Herald.*

MAYBE Europe is right; maybe Uncle Sam should change his name to Uncle Shylock. Our recollection is that Shylock got smart-talked out of money the borrower was desperately glad to get when he borrowed it. —*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



—Summers in the Cleveland "News."

WAR-DEBT money seems to have an even harder time than airplanes in making the east-to-west Atlantic crossing.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE idea seems to prevail in Congress that the best place to balance the budget is on the back of the taxpayer's neck.— *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

IT seems that we must have a special session in the middle of April. However, G. Bernard Shaw will be along about that time, so we will not notice it so much.—*The New Yorker.*

DOCTORS have discovered a man in New York who feels no pain when jabbed with needles, pins, or other sharp instruments. Ah! The ideal taxpayer.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

SIMON LAKES's new baby submarine can crawl around backward. forward, and sidewise on the bottom. Well, now, that surely sounds like business, doesn't it?—*Boston Herald.*

EUROPEAN nations again are referring to Uncle Sam as Uncle Shylock. And the next time they want to borrow money over here Uncle Sam will be shy enough to lock the treasury.—*Atlanta Journal.*

NEW YORK STATE is preparing for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, say dispatches. You can't fool New Yorkers. They knew we had that Eighteenth Amendment all the time!— *Superior (Wis.) Telegram.*

HAVE the scientists investigating the capers cut by the Colorado mountain which is apparently endeavoring to leave for parts unknown thought to inquire if it has heard that Gutzon Borglum is headed out that way?—*Macon Telegraph.*

PROPOSALS for inflation are usually made at times when things are pretty well blown up.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

RECENTLY we read that Gandhi is a lawyer. He certainly looks as if a good suit would help him quite a bit.—*New Orleans States.*

GOVERNOR PINCHOT says we think too much of our bankrolls. Well, there's no harm in reminiscing once in a while.— *Mobile Register.*

SOMETIMES we find ourselves longing for the good old days when our Congressmen viewed with alarm instead of alarming with views.—*Atlanta Journal.*

OPPONENTS of Soviet recognition now can point to another irreconcilable difference in customs of Russia and the United States. They've just shot six grafters over there.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

FOOLISH Americans! They vote long-term bonds and then advocate birth control.—*Atlanta Journal.*

ITS advocates say Technocracy would do away with money. Three years too late. —*Toledo Blade.*

WHAT the average citizen seems to want from Congress about now is more slash and less slush.—*Boston Herald.*

MAYBE the Government would be better off if it gave back the income taxes and hung on to the refunds.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE action of the House, Tuesday night, in voting to give peanuts the benefit of the price-fixing plan is one more evidence that blood is thicker than water.—*Macon Telegraph.*

TROUBLE with our check-and-balance system is that there have been too many checks, leaving too little balance.—*The Penn State Collegian.*

ANOTHER endurance contest we don't care at all for is the one prosperity is making staying around that corner.—*Atlanta Journal.*

ABOUT the only chance of anything new in the depression is that if it keeps on next summer we can blame Mr. Roosevelt for it instead of Mr. Hoover.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IN China, an odd item relates, a man shakes hands with himself when he meets a creditor. Over here, of course, a man shakes hands with himself when he doesn't.—*Boston Herald.*

AFTER having evolved a scheme to revolutionize the North American continent, it's funny that the Technocrats couldn't seem to control Columbia University.—*San Diego Union.*

"To drop the cosmical constant would knock the bottom out of space."—Sir Arthur Eddington. Aw, well, let it drop—and put space on a par with everything else.—*Thomaston Times.*

THESE are busy days for the Democratic leaders. The moment they got the tax problem nicely unsettled, they had to rush off and reach a disagreement on repeal, farm relief, and branch banking.—*The New Yorker.*

A SCIENTIST has just discovered that plants grow better if the day is prolonged with artificial light. Further investigations prove that the plant which profits most from this treatment is the electric-light plant.—*Punch (London).*

THE girl at Lynn, Massachusetts, who announces that she will marry any man who will support her parents and her ten brothers and sisters must be sort of mixed up. What she wants to marry is the Rockefeller Foundation.—*Macon Telegraph.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

What Hitler Rule Means to Europe

"WHETHER OR NOT HITLER turns out to be a clown or a faker, those by his side now, and those who may replace him later, are not figures to be joked with."

With this grim thought the semiofficial Paris *Temps* greets the accession of "handsome Adolf" Hitler to the Chancellorship in Germany. The event, it adds, is "of greater importance than any event since the fall of the Hohenzollerns."

In England the Laborite *Daily Herald* declares solemnly that "with Hitler's appointment the way is prepared for the return of the ex-Kaiser." But in sharp contrast the London *Daily Mail* remarks "it looks as if Germany has a stable Government at last."

Hitler's first official act on February 1 was to dissolve the Reichstag, under authority of a decree signed by President Paul von Hindenburg, and to set a new general election for March 5.

Thus in the seats of the mighty now flourishes the forty-four-year-old Austrian-born agitator of dark and flaming eyes. Of medium height, rather slender, with black hair, and a pale, sallow complexion, the press remind us again, he wears a toothbrush mustache, lets his hair fall over one brow, and affects a uniform on most occasions. He is "a natural orator who knows how to move the inarticulate mass and play upon popular resentments."

International copyright

"The Legacy Is a Fearful One"

Says Chancellor Adolf Hitler, on assuming office, but the confidence of himself and of his Cabinet is "boundless" for "we believe in our people and its imperishable worth."

"THE legacy which we take over is a fearful one," Hitler said on February 1 in his radio manifesto, signed by every member of his Cabinet and appealing to the German nation for support in the balloting on March 5 for a new Reichstag. "The task which we are called upon to solve is the most difficult ever put before German statesmen within the memory of man." But the confidence of himself and of his Cabinet is "boundless," for "we believe in our people and its imperishable worth." As quoted in the press, he went on:

"The National President, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, has summoned us with the command to bring to the nation the possibility of reconstruction by our unanimity. We appeal, therefore, to the German people to sign with us this deed of reconciliation.

"The government of national resurrection wants to work, and it will work. It has not brought low the German nation in fourteen years, but it will lead it upward again. It is determined in four years to make good the wrongs of fourteen years.

"But it can not submit the work of reconstruction to the approval of those who are to blame for the crash. The parties of Marxism and its abettors have had fourteen years in which to show their ability. The result is a field of ruins. Now, German people, give us a period of four years, and then judge us and give us your verdict. . . .

"As regards foreign policy, the national government sees its highest mission in the maintenance of the vital rights and therewith restoration of the liberty of our people. While it is determined to put an end to the chaotic conditions in Germany, it will help to add a state of equal worth and, of course, equal rights to the community of nations. It is thereby filled with a sense of the greatness of its duty to stand up with this free and equal people for the preservation and strengthening of peace which the world needs to-day more than ever before. May the good-will of others aid us, in order that our most sincere wish for the welfare of Europe and, indeed, the world, be brought to fulfilment.

"Great as is our love for our Army as the bearer of our arms and the symbol of our great past, yet we would be happy if the world, through limitation of armaments, would render increase of our own weapons nevermore necessary."

WHAT happened in Berlin on that night of portent, January 30, when a public celebration of a change of Chancellors was held for the first time in the history of the Republic, is dramatically portrayed in a Berlin copyrighted cable to the New York *Sun*, in which we read:

"At a lighted window in Bismarck's old room in the German chancellery, looking out on the Wilhelmstrasse, an old man, 220 pounds in weight, white-haired, and monumental, stood for four hours while between 30,000 and 40,000 yellow-clad members of the Nazi storm battalions and 2,000 Steel Helmet adherents, and a great number of common citizens filed by with torches in their hands.

"Nearly all the marchers saluted the old man, who sometimes raised his hand or nodded in answer, occasionally wincing as a pitiless search-light fell full upon his serious face.

"Once more Paul von Hindenburg, directing genius of the German armies in the World War, and now President of the Republic, was accepting the homage of his people at the cost of his slumber.

"Meanwhile, a hundred yards farther on the south wing of the building, against the background of a lighted room with pale blue walls, was a second figure—that of the new Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, leader of the victorious National Socialists.

"Drest in a frock coat and silhouetted against the light, he raised his hand a thousand times in the ancient Roman greeting which he has taken for his party salute.

"Below, the streets were thronged with people cheering. Thus the man, who in the last fifteen years has never held a real job, and who a year ago was virtually without a country, was welcomed to the seat of Bismarck."

HOW gravely affected the French and British are by Hitler's rise to power appears in additional cabled editorials to those cited above received from the European press by THE LITERARY DIGEST. Dictatorship in Germany looms on the view of the Paris *Figaro*, which declares:

"The Weimar Constitution and parliamentarism has received a mortal blow. Participation of the Catholic party being withheld, handsome Adolf will undoubtedly make a play for dictatorial power, representing the gravest danger for France."

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Redoubled vigilance on the part of France, says the *Ere Nouvelle*, "must now be the order with this new muddle entering into the already scrambled international situation." The *Echo de Paris* also sees storm-signals set for the Franco-German political area, and it points out:

"Hitler comes to power at last just as our Socialists for the first time agree to cooperate in the Government. Manifestly things are moving in opposite directions in the two countries.

"He, too, warns that Germany is headed straight for ultra-nationalism, perhaps even monarchy—and France for trouble."

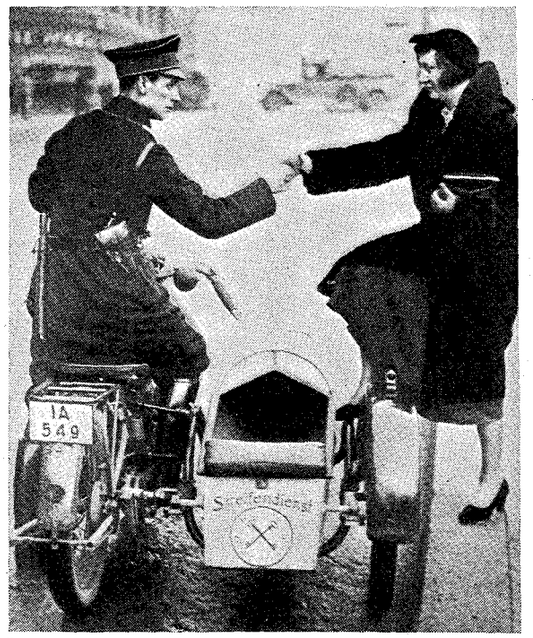
A TONE of dismay is heard in the comment of the Paris *Quotidien*, which marvels at the lightning change in the political front of Germany, as it observes:

"The inevitable has arrived. It seemed impossible that monarchical Germany, for a few years in the ranks of the democratic nations, has for its head this hysterical confused demagog who succeeded in crystallizing the moral derangements of the German populace into a veritable Prussian discipline."

Few of the editorials from the English press cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST show the indignation of the London *Daily Telegraph*, which has little patience for the new German régime, as it asserts:

"The Chancellorship is filled by one whose astonishing mastery of the arts of demagogy has been devoted to organizing all of the contempt, disgust, sense of helplessness and humiliation with which millions regard the failure of parliamentary democracy.

"Not from this Government will come the vaguely Socialistic, semi-Fascist dictatorship, the attack on banks and bourses, and the anti-Jewish pogroms, which are the nearest approach to anything definite in the Nazi outlook."



Keystone-Underwood

All's Not so Quiet in Berlin

Any one in the German capital returning home at a late hour has only to notify the "Black Hussars," as they are called, from their uniform, and thus be assured of safe escort. The "Black Hussars" is a private company whose employees are equipped with motor-cycles and are armed.

Nor does the London *Morning Post* see tranquillity ahead for Germany and the outside world, because Hitler's—

"Is not a Government which augurs well for internal peace. It is, unfortunately, the kind which is apt to seek solution of its difficulties at home in adventures abroad."

BUT the London *News-Chronicle* foresees an alteration in the Hitler method, when it says:

"The Government's policy assuredly will not be the mixed grill of hatreds and prejudices which Hitler has been in the habit of serving to his admiring followers."

Among editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the German press we find the Socialist *Vorwaerts*, one of Hitler's bitter opponents, girding its loins for future action, when it declares:

"Hitler's appointment initiates a new phase of the battle between democracy and Fascism, but by no means decides this struggle."

Outspoken concern is exprest by the extremely Nationalistic *Deutsche Zeitung*, which fears disaster unless the new Government succeeds, and it goes on:

"The road is now clear. The Hitler-Papen-Hugenberg Cabinet represents Germany's last reserve. If it fails, a catastrophe of gigantic dimensions is inevitable."

Sizing Up Japan's Fighting Man

SOME OF THE FINEST RAW MATERIAL in the world makes up Japan's infantry.

This claim can be justified, we are told, by a quick study of the Japanese soldier. Squat, bullet-headed, flat-nosed, and deep-chested, the Japanese peasantry, from whom the majority of the recruits are drawn, is said to be inured to hardship from childhood.

The native qualities of cheerfulness, simplicity, and reverence for authority are fostered at the elementary schools, and make the recruit readily receptive of the "moral training" on which the Japanese fighting services lay such stress, and which is the foundation of their strength. In an enthusiastic account of the Japanese soldier, J. W. Marsden tells us further in the London *Contemporary Review* that the average recruit has the added advantage of joining the Army with two essentials of the soldier already highly developed—marching and carrying powers. How this happens is thus explained:

"In a land generally unsuited to horses and motors, human traction is largely employed, while in the mountain districts, which form a large part of Japan, vehicular traffic is frequently impossible, so that in the course of centuries a race of men and women has been evolved used to carrying heavy loads for long distances over difficult country.

"The soldier's training is largely devoted to the perfection of his marching powers, and before his service is finished he will have learned to cover long distances at the 'double,' even when heavily weighted. What irks him most on joining is the restriction of limbs and feet in uniform and boots on the European pattern, for in his natural state he works in easy cotton garments—or none at all—and if shod, it is with straw sandals.

"Moreover, being used to sleep on quilts on the floor, he finds the barrack cot a painful luxury, and has to be taught how to get into bed and to stay there without falling out. However, he is a cheery fellow, and accepts these and other embarrassing novelties with patience and good humor, knowing that he will soon master the difficulties, and be as much at ease as his senior comrades.

"Japan is thus fortunate in possessing some of the finest raw material in the world for its *arme d'élite*, the infantry. The material is not so adaptable for horsed and mechanized units, as the Japanese possess little natural aptitude for dealing with animals or machines."

THE diet of the Japanese soldier, it is noted, consists mainly of rice, bean-soup, fish, and vegetables, washed down with green tea as hot as possible. Chop-sticks take the place of knife and fork. The Japanese do not, as a rule, care for meat, but a small quantity is given periodically to increase stamina, and this contributor to *The Contemporary Review* further informs us:

"The rice has an admixture of barley as a preventive against beriberi. The diet is coarse but wholesome; hard work sharpens the appetite, and the men thrive on it.

"The regulations are strict as to drinking-water. At halts on the march the men fill their water-bottles from the regimental water-cart, which carries a boiler. When excursions are made to places where the water is of unknown quality, the men take their water-bottles filled before leaving barracks."

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A German Communist Eden in Siberia

"BACK TO SIBERIA FOR ME—good-by, Germany, forever!"

The man who said this was willingly returning to the cold and desolate region whither he had once been transported as a prisoner of war. He is one of 4,000 Germans taken by the Russians in 1915.

But when the Bolshevik volcano blew Czarist Russia into the irrevocable past, he and his companions fled for refuge toward the Pacific, where the survivors have since lived under what he calls a régime of "ideal, full-fledged Communism."

This German war expatriate, Dr. I. Hilton, told his story to the Helsingfors (Finland) correspondent of the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, a non-Soviet Russian daily of New York. Dr. Hilton is said to be perhaps the only member of this German-Siberian colony who, as an exception to its laws, made a journey to Germany. The sight of it hopelessly disillusioned him, and on his way homeward to Siberia he stopt at Helsingfors. As quoted by this Russian daily's correspondent, the doctor said:

"In the World War, during the fighting near Baranovichi, the Russian troops once took 4,000 German prisoners. Most of these Germans were farmers from Westphalia. All of them were sent by the Russian Government to one of the concentration camps in Siberia.

"This happened in 1915. When, however, revolution, Bolshevism, and civil war began in Russia, these men left their camp and tried to join Admiral Kolchak's White Army in order, under its protection, to reach the Pacific coast, whence they hoped to be repatriated to Germany.

"But Admiral Kolchak's Army was defeated. The Germans found themselves alone deep in the virgin forests of Siberia. Armed with axes and improvised spears, they moved farther and farther to the east. Freezing, drowning in swamps, or starving, many of them perished—only 1,800 survived out of 4,000.

"Finally, after having covered a distance three times as long as Germany's length from east to west, they came to a locality where they decided to settle. Here they set up their colony and here they have lived ever since."

Somewhere in Siberia

At the distance of a horseback ride of thirty-five days northeast of Vladivostok is a prosperous colony formed by German prisoners taken by the Russians in the World War, and run on Communist lines.

THE nearest map location of this strange colony is given as northeast of the Siberian port-city of Vladivostok, "at the distance of a horseback ride of thirty-five days from that city." It is described as wild country with only sparse human settlements in the adjacent regions. In memory of the place of their capture, the German settlers call their new home Baranovichi-Uhilla. Dr. Hilton goes on to relate:

"Having reached this place, the Germans began to fell trees, build primitive cabins, hunt in the forest, and till the soil, under the leadership of Captain von Frese, their former commander, who, together with them, had withstood all of the vicissitudes of the march through Siberia.

"Eventually many of the colonists married Russian women from Russian settlements, so that now, women and children included, the colony numbers about 4,000 people.

"As the colony developed, the settlers began to breed horses and sell them to the Red Army. Also they have greatly improved their farming methods, and have organized a fur industry. Caravans that carry their goods for sale, and return to the colony with the things it needs, travel to Vladivostok about three times a year.

"On the whole, the colony lives on friendly terms with the Soviet authorities. Yet these authorities have very little to do with the colony. The colony is so entirely out of the way, and so difficult to reach, that no Soviet officials ever visit it."

NOR do these German-Siberian colonists have contact of any kind with Germany, asserts Dr. Hilton. None of them takes any interest in the present-day politics of the Reich. They receive no newspapers, generally speaking, and no politics are permitted in the colony. But they have a newspaper of their own, printed on a hectograph, and Dr. Hilton continues:

"This newspaper is devoted solely to fiction, poetry, and the like. Moreover, we have a theater of our own. There also are in the colony eight pianos, more than one hundred phonographs, and a good library.

"Our school—for we have a school, too—is organized along the lines of the usual German grammar schools.

"The government of the colony is run by the burgomaster, who has authority to decide all questions. Perfect order reigns in our colony. The régime under which we live may be described as the ideal, full-fledged Communism, for each one owns the work of his hands, and, at the same time, all share what they have with the poor and weak. Everybody feels at home not only in his own house but also in each house of the colony.

"In other words, we actually live up to the rule of one for all and all for one. . . . I visited Germany in order to take a look at my former fatherland. What I saw there has left a sad impression.

"I am happy to think that soon again I will be in our dear Baranovichi. Perhaps life is unromantic there. But there I have my violin, my work, my horse, and my books. Besides, the life which we live there is certainly real life."

As Tea Is to Coffee

SIX times as much tea is drunk in the United Kingdom as coffee. But in the United States six times as much coffee is drunk as tea.

South Africa seems to prefer coffee to tea. Canada inclines toward tea, and Australia is said to be distinctly a tea-drinking country.

This information, in a pamphlet on "Plantation Crops," issued by the British Empire Marketing Board, impels the Manchester *Guardian* to note that the English now consume annually between nine and ten pounds of tea per head of population as compared with six and a half pounds about twenty years ago. Championing the British liking for tea, *The Guardian* goes on:

"It would be folly to argue that the English drink tea because they know how to make it, and spurn coffee because (as critics from other countries often assert) they only succeed in spoiling it. That would be to put the cart before the horse, for, if the English wanted to drink coffee, they would soon learn how to prepare it

"As a matter of fact, they do drink coffee extensively, as is shown by the quoted figures of one cup of coffee to six of tea. If we bear in mind the amount of tea which is drunk, that indicates a considerable consumption of the other beverage, and it may be observed that the old legend that we do not know how to make good coffee is really a fable which belongs to the past."

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A "Soap-box Special" in "We, the People"

Following this speaker, the much beset hero, Allen Davis, jumps to the platform as the shooting begins and is "framed" after a policeman has been killed. His conviction affords the play a Shavian finale.

Two Playwrights, With a Difference

THE AUDIENCE WAS BRILLIANT and hissed and applauded; the audience was brilliant and laughed.

Such, in short, was the behavior of the audiences of two plays, Elmer Rice's "We, the People," and Noel Coward's "Design for Living."

There may have been a difference in brilliance, since one cost you the regular $3.30 and the other anywhere, as reported, from $11 to $75.

If you are not painfully touched by the depression, you may elect to spend an evening luxuriating with Mr. Rice in other people's woes; if you are, you may spend your last cent to be heartened by Mr. Coward's frivolity.

As playwrights the two authors are miles apart except on the score of success.

In the earlier Rice dramas the author's "sense of the ills of present-day American life could be seen brooding, champing, broadening to battle-line dimension," writes Gilbert Gabriel in the New York *American*, "and here at last he charges. With full twenty scenes and a company of twice that many actors, he charges."

BUT as a play it is overcharged:

"It wants to cram so many stories at once into the mouthpiece.

"It wants to leave utterly nothing to the slow mercy of the bourgeois imagination.

"It insists on cataloging and deriding, denouncing every stupid wrong and cruel injustice which are the commonplaces of the news columns and the pillars of a Communistic platform of to-day.

"It shouts its truths by hundreds, to keep them from the flat tone of foregone axioms. I fear that, as the radioers say, it blasts its mike.

"Family upon family is packed with interlayers of thorns and burning brands into this panorama of 'We, the People.'

"The poor town family, the poor farm family, the rich factory owners, the university clique, the political demagogs, the broken-down veterans, the Negro, the absurdly wealthy diplomats, and the foully unjust justices, the lovers hungering for a decent place to tryst, the youths paying death penalties for plainest right to live and proclaim their living . . . they are all there, all ground down and bitterly dehumanized into symbols and speech-pegs, and murky, lurid creatures of a protestant parade."

THO the above seems an agglomeration of "soap-box" specials, as several reviewers use the word, there is an effort at coherency in following the fortunes of one family, as Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times* sketches them:

"In the first scene the Davises are fairly well off and quite contented with their automobile, their radio, and their savings account. The father is the foreman in a factory. The daughter is a public-school teacher. The son is a brilliant freshman in the State university.

"But the progress of the depression reduces their resources more and more. After several pay cuts *Davis* loses his job for good. The failure of the bank wipes out his life's savings. After having been forced out of college by his father's misfortune, young *Davis* first makes the bleak rounds of job-hunting. Then, faced by the necessities of his family, he begins to steal coal from the railroad yards; he is arrested and sent to reform school.

"Upon his release he becomes a militant radical. He is involved in a street-corner meeting in which a policeman is killed. He is charged with murder and convicted, altho the gravest doubt exists as to his guilt, and his radical utterances are used to discredit his defense.

"And that gives rise to the public meeting in the last scene when a mild minister of the gospel, a reformed college instructor, a public-school teacher,and a Polish-American radical find themselves united in opposition to a tyrannical bureaucracy."

THE trouble with the play, by general agreement, is thus summed up by Percy Hammond of the *Herald Tribune:*

"It was Mr. Rice's pleasure vehemently to submit the alarming

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situation to the public and to leave the method of its reform to be discovered by other and more resourceful statesmen."

An irony that doesn't escape notice is that Mr. Rice produces his play at the "patrician Empire"—again Mr. Hammond's phrase.

THREE days later, and at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, occurred Mr. Coward's frolic. The briefest statement of his "design for living" is stated by Burns Mantle in *The Daily News* (New York):

"They are three people who love each other very much and with whom nature briefly has her way. Three souls with a variety of complexes, three hearts that beat as two whenever circumstances are propitious.

"*Gilda* loves *Leo* in Paris when *Otto* is away. *Gilda* loves *Otto* in London when *Leo* is away. *Leo* and *Otto*, loving each other, internationally and eternally, comfort each other for the two years *Gilda* is married to *Ernest*. Then *Leo* and *Otto* search *Gilda* out in New York, laugh *Ernest* out of the house, and resume, we assume, where they left off in Paris."

SEEMING to place Noel Coward in the category with Congreve is this generalization by Richard Lockridge of *The Sun:*

"Noel Coward is at his brittle best in 'Design for Living,' a gay shuffling of light-hearted loves. He romps through all moralities, tweaking the noses of moralizers, and tells with unfailing wit of his 'three people who loved each other very much.' Three people out of time and space and with no fetters of care, and endless spontaneity at loving—those are his characters.

"He plays one of them and Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt play the others. They play with all those nuances, oddly coupled with exuberance, which they have shown so often before to our delight. And the whole, as written and as acted, is as happy a spectacle of surface-skating as one might hope to see. They skate with fantastic swoops, and little nonsensical shouts and a fine abundance of animal spirits, and sometimes on thin ice.

"Not very much plot is supplied—or needed. And, of course, not even that plot can be taken too seriously, or looked at too closely. Particularly would it be inadvisable to carry the three on from the point at which Mr. Coward leaves them. It is enough that the three are intensely real, on their own terms, while they briefly live in their 'Design for Living.'

"It is enough that there are half a dozen scenes of intricate, indescribable banter, meaning nothing and pulling you out of your seat with unexpected laughter. There is a hilarious scene in which the two men get drunk together after they are deserted; another through which they talk inspired nonsense to the bewilderment of some nice outsiders. Miss Fontanne and Lunt play one of those bright love scenes of theirs—a scene more verbal than usual—and conjure up that marvelous feel of the actual they always manage to attain together.

"Miss Fontanne, particularly after the first act, is delightful; Lunt gives one of his best performances, being particularly delicious in the drunken scene; and Coward is impeccable in the dry relish he imparts to his own best lines, thoughtfully given by playwright to his favorite actor."

The Ménage à Trois

"We're all of a piece, the three of us," so they say in the "Design for Living." Mr. Lunt, Miss Fontanne, Mr. Coward.

Books We've Been Reading

EUROPE WAS IGNORED in the matter of best-selling fiction here last year. England and America held the fort.

The vogue of war novels appearing in previous years had brought forward a number of foreign names, but no translations appear in last year's list.

Except for Mrs. Buck's novels and Charles Morgan's "The Fountain," says *The Publisher's Weekly* (New York), "all the books have American or English settings, and only one is purely historical. Half of the authors are Americans, just the same proportion as in 1931. Four of the authors are women, while seven of 1931's first ten were women."

Mrs. Buck, with "The Good Earth," has a two years' leading record:

"It was the best seller in 1931, and now heads the list of best-selling fiction for 1932, as compiled from the monthly lists made up by the reports of retail booksellers of 'Books of the Month.' Mrs. Buck was also the only author represented on the fiction list with two books. Her 'Sons' took third place for the year.

"In second place is 'The Fountain,' by Charles Morgan, which was published on June 1, 1932, and has been a best seller ever since. Besides Mrs. Buck, Warwick Deeping is the only author who also appeared on the 1931 list. His 'Old Wine and New' is in sixth place for 1932.

"In eighth place is the oldest novel of all. 'The Magnificent Obsession,' by Lloyd Douglas, will celebrate its fourth birthday in 1933. It is steady rather than spectacular sales that have given this novel its place on the yearly list. It has never been very near the top of the monthly lists, but appeared some place on them during every month of 1932.

"Published without any ballyhoo at all, 'The Magnificent Obsession' has gained continuously in sales, chiefly at first through the invaluable word-of-mouth advertising, getting its start in the Middle West and the smaller cities."

THE remainder of the ten were "Magnolia Street," by Louis Golding; "The Sheltered Life," by Ellen Glasgow; "Mary's Neck," by Booth Tarkington; "Inheritance," by Phyllis Bentley, and "Three Loves," by A. J. Cronin.

In non-fiction, where best sellers are longer-lived than in fiction, we are told, the first four of 1932 were all published in 1931. The list is:

"The Epic of America," by James Truslow Adams; "Only Yesterday," by Frederick L. Allen; "A Fortune to Share," by Vash Young; "Culbertson's Summary"; "Van Loon's Geography"; "What We Live By," by Ernest Dimnet; "The March of Democracy," by James Truslow Adams; "Washington Merry-Go-Round"; "The Story of My Life," by Clarence Darrow, "More Merry-Go-Round."

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What the Stage Owed to Miss Marbury

BEFORE IT IS FORGOTTEN, some emphasis should be placed on the late Elisabeth Marbury's relation to the stage.

She was a woman who played many parts in New York's social, political, artistic, and theatrical life, but only one of these is pertinent here.

She is said to have managed the first production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," even sending her company to Australia, without receiving a single cent in profits. So she eschewd the risks of Broadway and became a play-broker.

Her history in this field introduces some interesting contacts, as the New York *Herald Tribune* sets them forth:

"She persuaded Victorien Sardou that it would be more profitable for French playwrights to sell their plays to American producers on a royalty basis than to accept a flat sum, as was the custom, and thereafter for many years she was the official agent of the leading French dramatists in all English-speaking countries.

"Miss Marbury's ingenuity suggested that a certain French triangle play involving a man and two women could be altered to meet American requirements by describing the man as a bigamist who had wickedly deceived two trusting women. Thus rewritten, the play was accepted by William Gillette under the title 'All the Comforts of Home,' and had a long run.

"She persuaded James M. Barrie, after a long argument, to rewrite 'The Little Minister' to satisfy the needs of Charles Frohman, who was looking for a play for Maude Adams. Barrie had written it for a male lead.

"Clyde Fitch and Henry Irving figured in her early undertakings, and she was able to encourage in their youthful efforts many rising playwrights—among them W. Somerset Maugham and Jerome K. Jerome."

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She Sent Shaw to the Bank

The late Elisabeth Marbury made money for foreign authors and dramatists.

IT would be odd if Shaw did not come into the picture, and we find he does:

"She became agent for George Bernard Shaw early in his career, and the generous drafts she sent him for Richard Mansfield's performance in 'Devil's Disciple' and for 'Arms and the Man' provoked the following note:

"'Rapacious Elisabeth Marbury: As you persist in asking these large terms from American managers, and as you persist in sending me fat checks, I am compelled to do a thing utterly abhorrent to me, namely, open a bank account.'

"Another friend of those years was Oscar Wilde, who sent to her from prison the manuscript of 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' begging her to sell it. New York publishers would have none of it, but she finally disposed of it to *The World* for $250. Upon being released from prison, Wilde sought her out in Paris, penniless and hopeless, and she was his benefactor until he died soon after. She never knew what became of the 'Reading Gaol' manuscript.

"Miss Marbury promoted the New York success of Irene and Vernon Castle, and later, in association with Miss Anne Morgan, she established a dance-hall on Broadway on the Strand roof, designed to provide a wholesome and safe atmosphere for young people. Only soft drinks were sold. To this fact Miss Marbury attributed its gradual decline in popularity. Miss Marbury attacked the Volstead Law as early as 1922.

"When the first American country club was established at Tuxedo, Miss Marbury was a guest at some amateur theatricals in which a young actress named Elsie de Wolfe was starred. The two began a friendship which endured for more than forty years. They shared together a house in Versailles, built originally for the surgeon of Marie Antoinette, but purchased by the two friends in 1903 for less than $12,000. Decorated by Miss de Wolfe it became famous for its beauty and hospitality.

"Another venture was with a new form of musical comedy, 'the small, clean, intimate comedy,' which Miss Marbury produced in association with F. Ray Comstock and Lee Shubert. 'Nobody Home,' by Jerome K. Jerome, was their first offering, followed by 'Very Good, Eddie,' and 'Love of Mike.' At this time Miss Marbury gave much time and thought to advancing the welfare of the chorus girls in her employ, anticipating the formation of the Actors' Equity Association.

"In 1914 she joined her business with several other actors' agents in the American Play Company, of which she was to be first vice-president. Then feeling herself entitled to a holiday, she went abroad for a summer at the Villa Trianon and the delights of motoring in France.

"Miss Marbury, called 'Miss Bessie' by her friends, last figured prominently in politics as a member of the national Committee at the Democratic convention in Chicago, last July. It was the fourth occasion she had served in this capacity.

"Miss Marbury crossed the Atlantic seventy times on errands connected with the theater, or on missions for soldiers. She was decorated by Belgium and France for her services during the war, and held many positions of trust in the welfare organizations for American soldiers. Her last trip overseas was with the Army of Occupation, following the Armistice.

"Her stout figure, leaning on its cane or enthroned in a specially constructed armchair, was immediately noticeable, but she was always the first to jibe about her weight, while her agile mind and blithe humor soon outdistanced those about her."

Barter in Art

PARIS and the Middle West seem to be competing in leadership to bring back the age of barter.

The first puts its emphasis on art, the second on foodstuffs.

In Paris, paintings at an estimated value of $100,000 were exchanged without the use of a single *sou*. Shoes, automobiles, wine, and even surgical operations were the mediums. So the United Press reports:

"In a barnlike structure at the Park of Expositions, just outside the Porte de Versailles, the Salon des Exchanges flourished for two months.

"The Modernistic painters, Osterlind and Ramey, got enough new shoes to last them twenty years each. Vera Rokline, formerly of Petrograd, will no more have to worry about hats. Bompard, a noted gourmet, has filled his cellar with Chablis. One fortunate Parisian, S. H. Moreau, obtained an automobile.

"Other items listed in exchange for paintings were:

"A physician's attendance on the artist for a year; a surgical operation; rare Chinese embroidery; half a dozen washing-machines; rooms in a hotel, and life insurance. One artist accepted an elaborate camera for a couple of his paintings.

"Five Americans were represented. One, Ary Stillman, turned down an offer of a Montmartre cabaret for free champagne for himself and his friends any time they wished to visit the place.

"Other Americans who took part in the show are Frederick Kann and Cavis Kerkman, dynamic painters, and Minna Harkavy and Anne Wolfe, sculptors."

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"Bishop" Bernard Shaw's Search for God

"BISHOP" BERNARD SHAW has been venturing with a black girl in a search for God.

In a book, of course.

The girl fails in her search, and ends by marrying a red-haired Irishman, settling down in a garden and raising children who are "charmingly coffee-colored." Meantime Shaw, the self-styled "sort of unofficial Bishop of Everywhere," goes on a trip around the world, during which he is expected to visit the hospitable shores of America.

This little book, "The Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search for God" (Constable, London), is half fairy-tale and half polemics. In it Mr. Shaw sets out to show why we should neither regard the Bible as supernaturally inspired, nor "boot it into the dust-bin as the Soviet has done." It is pretty dusty, however, when the "Bishop" finishes with it.

The story was written during a five weeks' stay in Africa. It has been widely reviewed in England, where Gerald Gould, in the London *Observer*, says "it is perhaps the most important thing its author has ever done," while Robert Lynd describes it in the London *News Chronicle* as "a curious mixture of seriousness and slapstick." In *The British Weekly*, Dr. John A. Hutton says that the impish playwright has "loaded the dice against Christianity." Toward the end of this month the book is to be produced in America by Dodd, Mead and Company.

The story is a fable about a black girl, converted to Christianity, who sets off into the African forest in search of God, with a knobkerrie in her hand. In the course of her wanderings she meets, among others, the God of Noah, Ecclesiastes, Micah the Prophet, a scientific atheist, Jesus, whom Mr. Shaw calls the Conjuror, Mohammed, and an old philosopher. Instead of one God, she finds several. One, a God of Wrath, demands a favorite child as a sacrifice: "for I love the smell of newly spilled blood."

"I am not a piccaninny, nor even a grown-up ninny, to believe such nonsense," says the black girl, bounding toward him and brandishing her club. But the God has vanished.

MOHAMMED, too, is confounded, and concludes an unprofitable argument with the black girl, with the philosophic reflection that "among the other injustices of Allah is his ordinance that a woman must have the last word."

The girl's bootless quest ends with her meeting the old philosopher, who keeps a garden and employs a red-headed Irishman to help him. Mr. Shaw is Irish, of course, but his once Titian upper and lower foliage are now white. The philosopher apparently preaches the Shavian philosophy:

"'And shall we never be able to bear His full presence?' said the black girl.

"'I trust not,' said the old philosopher. 'For we shall never be able to bear His full presence until we have fulfilled all His purposes and become gods ourselves. But as His purposes are infinite, and we are most briefly finite, we shall never, thank God, be able to catch up with His purposes. So much the better for us. If our work were done we should be of no further use: that would be the end of us; for He would hardly keep us alive for the pleasure of looking at us, ugly and ephemeral insects as we are. Therefore come in and help to cultivate this garden to His glory. The rest you had better leave to Him.'"

The girl marries the Irishman, and devotes herself to him and their children.

"Bishop" Shaw sets forth his theme in a provocative epilog. The power of the Bible is waning, he says, and his purpose in this book is to reestablish its position and increase its appeal. Tho "unsuited to modern tastes," he writes—

"A great deal of it is much more alive than this morning's paper and last night's parliamentary debate. Its chronicles are better reading than most of our fashionable histories, and less intentionally mendacious.

"In revolutionary invective and Utopian aspiration it cuts the ground from under the feet of Ruskin, Carlyle, and Karl Marx; and in epics of great leaders and great rascals it makes Homer seem superficial and Shakespeare unbalanced."

But to understand and appreciate the Bible, holds Mr. Shaw, we must cease to look on it as one book about one God, and we must cease to believe most, or a great deal, of what it contains. For example:

"As to Bible science, it has over the nineteenth-century materialistic fashion in biology the advantage of being a science of life and not an attempt to substitute physics and chemistry for it; but it is hopelessly preevolutionary; its descriptions of the origin of life and morals are obviously fairy-tales; its astronomy is terracentric; its notions of the starry universe are childish; its history is epical and legendary: in short, people whose education in these departments is derived from the Bible are so absurdly misinformed as to be unfit for public employment, parental responsibility, or the franchise."

HENCE Mr. Shaw calls upon the modern man to give up Bibliolatry and to read the Bible as a record of "the development of the conception of God from the monster Bogey Man to the Father; then to the spirit without body, parts or passions; and, finally, to the definition of that spirit in the words God is Love."

Christianity was spoiled, says Mr. Shaw, because Paul and the other Apostles still believed in the God of Noah after Jesus had taught a more spiritual conception of Godhead:

"We find Paul holding up Christ to the Ephesians as 'an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor,' thereby dragging Christianity back and down to the level of Noah. None of the Apostles rose above that level; and the result was that the great advances made by Micah and Jesus were canceled, and historical Christianity was built up on the sacrificial altars of Jehovah, with Jesus as the sacrifice."

Of the Apostles, Mr. Shaw says: "Jesus could be reproached for having chosen His disciples very unwisely if we could believe that He had any real choice. There are moments when one is tempted to say that there was not one Christian among them, and that Judas was the only one who showed any gleams of common sense."

In the Shavian view, Jesus Himself was also partly to blame for Christianity's taking the wrong turn:

"The case was further complicated by the pitiable fact that Jesus Himself, shaken by the despair which unsettled the reason of Swift and Ruskin and many others at the spectacle of human cruelty, injustice, misery, folly, and apparently hopeless political incapacity, and perhaps also by the worship of His disciples and of the multitude, had allowed Peter to persuade Him that He was the Messiah, and that death could not prevail against Him nor prevent His returning to judge the world and establish His reign on earth for ever and ever."

Little that Mr. Shaw says, comments Mr. Lynd, whom we quoted at the beginning of this article, has not been said by other Biblical critics during the past half-century. But, "unlike most critics, he says it in the way likeliest to hurt the feelings of millions of men and women who disagree with him. Perhaps, however, one ought to remember that the phrenologist who examined Mr. Shaw's bumps found a hole where there ought to have been the bumps of reverence."

Mr. Shaw is "as blind as a bat," he "simply raves," says Dr. John A. Hutton, who expresses his amazement in *The British Weekly* that a man of Shaw's rank and eminence should have wasted his time in writing such a book.

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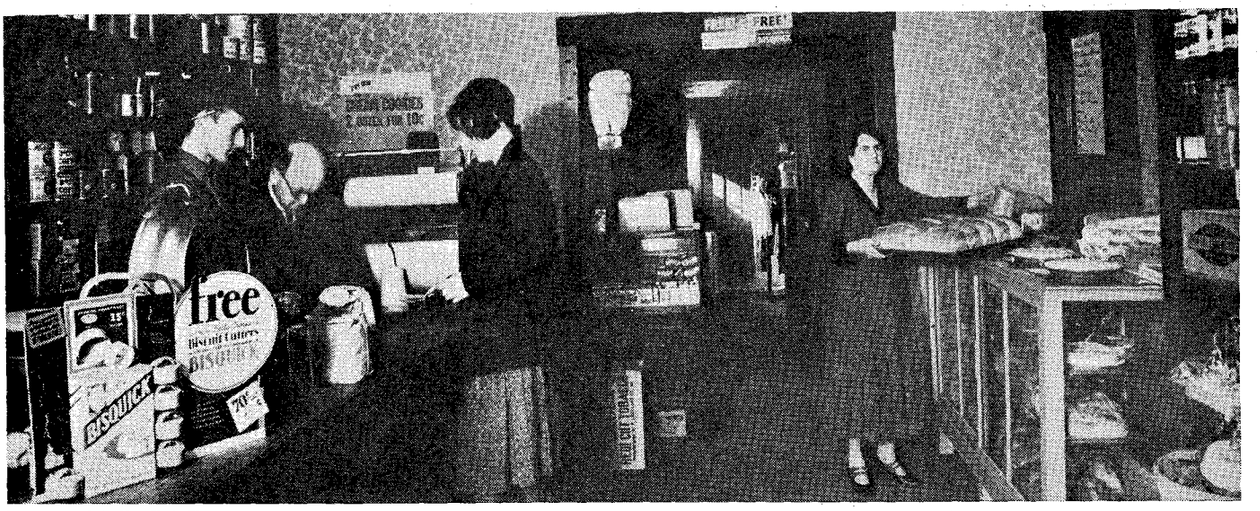

By courtesy of the New York *Times*

Money Isn't Necessary in This Store

Exchange at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where any one may bring any article he wishes to trade and receive in exchange either goods or credit in the form of scrip. Improved morale is an important by-product of the movement.

The Growing Barter-and-Exchange Movement

BY SWAPPING FOR MARBLES Johnny kept himself supplied all the session.

Later on, when he wanted a pocket-knife he relieved big brother at the lawn-mower and got a knife, dull and dented to be sure, but usable after being put to the grindstone.

What Johnny learned at school is being applied all over the country, as reported in these pages January 14. Basically, it is simple swapping, just as Johnny later on got a horse he needed for a cow and a calf and a couple of shoats. But it is called barter, or barter and exchange, when it is complicated enough to require scrip for money.

The answer to the universal question, "What shall I do for money?" is, "Use scrip. They take it at the exchange." But scrip, of course, must be backed with potatoes, apples, or work.

An important by-product of the movement is the improvement of the morale of the community. By offering the means whereby men may provide for their physical needs through their own toil, cooperative bartering is preventing moral collapse.

In the previous article we told of the success of the barter-and-exchange movement in several sections of the country. Now another interesting story comes out of the Middle West, where groups have acquired coal-mines, flour mills, and producing plants as a means of insuring themselves a permanent surplus of goods to feed their exchange warehouses.

A HIGHLY developed barter enterprise, the Midwest Exchange, Inc., has been established at Yellow Springs, Ohio, the seat of Antioch College. Its director is Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, the Dayton engineer who turned educator a few years ago, and became president of Antioch College. The Yellow Springs exchange is operated as a clearing-house where any one may bring any farm product or other article he wishes to trade and receive in exchange either other goods or credit in the form of scrip. In addition, Yellow Springs is the center of a wholesale barter enterprise, serving small manufacturers in the triangle bounded by Cincinnati, Chicago, and Cleveland, enabling them to dispose of surplus stocks on a basis of trade with one another.

How the Midwest Exchange operates is illustrated in the New York *Times*, by Malcolm Ross:

"At Antioch College the students, to pay their way through, spend half their time at work.

"To supply work the college has several industries, such as printing, art bronze, and commercial laboratory research, and it can also supply student labor, accounting service, and tuition. In this respect the college is a group of small producing plants, and, like all others nowadays, it finds difficulty in disposing of its wares.

"What more reasonable than that it should set idle students at work producing things which can be exchanged through barter for other commodities the college needs?

"This prospect was the motivating force behind the formation of the Midwest Exchange. Various industries in that corner of Ohio were invited to join, among them producers of hollow ware, food products, dairy products, paints, automobile tires, etc.

"Each firm agreed to credit the Exchange with $1,000 of its commodities, against which it could, in turn, draw out an equal value of the goods of other firms. The original $1,000 was, of course, a priming charge to get the system started, and could be increased at will.

"Here is a typical deal, between Antioch College and another Midwest member, who runs a nursery and dairy. To the college he delivered eggs, butter, milk, and nursery stock; in return he accepted the labor of Antioch students, printing, and the tuition of his daughter at the college."

ANOTHER swap, we read, illustrates how more complicated the deals become when they are not direct between two members. It also introduces the necessary functions of a retail exchange to act as an outlet for the goods of the wholesale members. This retail unit is the Yellow Springs Exchange, which has the appearance of any well-stocked country store. It issues scrip and carries on a barter business with the people of the community. But it also has dealings with the Midwest. To illustrate:

"The Antioch Art Foundry, a college subsidiary, did some work for an automobile tire manufacturer, member of the Midwest Exchange. In payment the foundry received many more automobile tires than it could use. Therefore it put the surplus tires into the Yellow Springs Exchange, and in return received credit on which it could draw for paints, labor, and other things of value existing in the common pool of the Midwest. The balance of its credit was settled in scrip, which the foundry used as part payment to its employees. These, in turn, spent their scrip at the Exchange store.

"The store had given the foundry various goods and some scrip in exchange for the automobile tires. Now it began to farm these out, exchanging some of them with garages to build up credit there, others to farmers for vegetables and fruits, and so on.

"The trail of any one commodity is not a simple one. Each transaction immediately spreads out in many directions. Shipments split up and chase each other around the circuit of wholesaler, retailer, and consumer; but it can be taken for granted that every swap has pleased both parties. No one is forced to trade."

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Who's Who in Religion

THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY are also pillars of the Church.

A survey of "Who's Who in America" seems to indicate it.

But whether some of those who avow a religious affiliation do so because of social pressure is a question. At any rate, it will be a blow to the atheists to learn that only seventeen out of a total of 29,623 whose names appear in the 1930-31 roll of fame say they are infidels, atheists, free thinkers, or agnostics.

Fifty-six per cent. of the total number in the 1930-31 edition of "Who's Who" report religious affiliation as against 25 per cent. of those listed in the 1910-11 edition, writes Dr. C. Luther Fry, whose article is to appear in *The Scientific Monthly*. But the examination of the latter edition was limited to two-thirds of the roster.

The comparison between the two editions, says the director of the bureau of standards of the Institute of Social and Religious Research, "would seem to indicate that during the last generation a church connection was looked upon with increasing favor."

His study, concludes Dr. Fry, tends "to prove not only that a man's religion is closely associated with his occupation or profession, but also to support the general thesis developed by André Siegfried in 'America Comes of Age' that the dominant tradition in this country is distinctly Anglo-Saxon and Protestant."

To learn whether younger men gave denominational preference with less frequency than older people, several professional and occupational groups from the 1930-31 edition were analyzed by age periods. "Surprizingly enough," Dr. Fry writes, "the results show that the percentage of individuals reporting a religious connection decreases as their age increases."

Further analysis of the later edition tends to show that the more mechanistic or creative a person's calling, the less likely he is to be actively connected with a denomination. Only 23 per cent. of the actors, painters, and sculptors claim a church connection. Among Army and Navy officers the proportion is 35 per cent., among natural scientists 37 per cent., among editors and authors 40, social scientists 42, doctors 50, and architects and engineers 51 per cent.

"AMONG the pillars of society—the politicians and diplomats, the judges and lawyers, the agriculturists and the bankers and business men—from 54 to 61 per cent. report a church affiliation," writes Dr. Fry.

"Educators and social workers claim even higher percentages, with 63 and 64 per cent. respectively, but naturally religious workers show the highest returns, with 100 per cent. giving church connections."

However, these figures, says Dr. Fry, "raise the question whether the religious affiliation claimed by the 'Who's Who' fraternity is not, in considerable part, a matter of social pressure. Certainly a professor in a denominational college has a greater incentive to claim a church relationship than has a sculptor, an Army officer, or a chemist."

The names of about two-thirds listed in the earlier edition were classified, and the results show that Unitarians and Universalists, "and especially Roman Catholics," have declined in relative numerical importance, with other groups, particularly Congregationalists, Disciples of Christ, and Christian Scientists rising "comparatively rapidly."

In the "Who's Who" of 1930-31, Dr. Fry finds there are thirty-two times as many Unitarians as the numerical size of the denomination would indicate. "The number is so large," he says, "that the question arises whether a certain number of individuals have not classed themselves as Unitarians who have no active relation with the denomination. A candidate who was not associated with any church, but who felt that a denominational connection was advantageous, might well so classify himself both because this church is liberal theologically and because it enjoys social status."

Of the names analyzed in the 1930-31 edition, 0.74 per cent. claim Jewish affiliations, altho, reports Dr. Fry, at least 3.57 per cent. of the nation's population are Jews.

"As a further check upon the Jews a special study was undertaken of the people who did not report religious connection, even tho they are listed as Jews in the 'American Jewish Yearbook,' or 'Who's Who in American Jewry,'" continues Dr. Fry. "It was found that there were 432 such persons compared with only 218 who stated they were Jews. In other words, not more than a third of the individuals of Hebrew extraction claimed to be connected with a Jewish synagog."

One of the facts in this survey that attracts the attention of the Brooklyn *Eagle* is that the church adherence balance in the 1930-31 edition of "Who's Who" is in favor of the younger men.

"We are inclined to believe," says *The Eagle*, "that the creed-liberalizing that has been going on in nearly every communion has something to do with the doubling within twenty years of the listed church connections. It was not so much religion as theology that outstanding citizens, 75 per cent. of them, were turning against in 1911."

However, the Springfield *Republican* thinks it improbable that twice as many Americans of prominence had church connections in 1930 as in 1910. "Information as to church affiliation was evidently not given fully in 1910," it says. "In that edition, as a casual examination will show," we are told, "persons of known church membership are listed without church connections. In general, there has been a tendency to expand details in 'Who's Who' sketches, and the fuller information at present provided may be accepted as accounting for a large part of the difference in percentages." Those who deliberately abstain from a church connection are still very numerous, observes *The Republican*, and it suggests that the research bureau "might do well to collect some of the reasons for holding aloof."

The Unitarian-Universalist Merger

THE FIRST STEP IN THE UNION of all liberal churches of the United States and Canada into the Free Church of America has been taken.

For that is the ultimate aim of the proposed merger of the Unitarian and Universalist Churches which, it is confidently expected, will be consummated before the close of the year. The plan for the enlarged brotherhood was discust in these pages June 18, 1932.

Both denominations are comparatively small. The Unitarians, as recorded in the World Almanac, numbered 60,152 in 1926 (the latest figures given), having dropt from 82,515 in 1916. The Universalists numbered 54,957 in 1926, a decrease from the 1916 membership, which was 58,566.

In their joint report, appearing in the official journals of the two churches, *The Christian Register* (Unitarian) and *The Christian Leader* (Universalist), the commissioners affirm their faith that "unity of purpose is the bond of highest religious fellowship."

They seek closer cooperation with others of like purpose, "recognizing that the members of this fellowship have entire freedom in matters of religious belief and statements of faith," and hold that if they are "controlled by a purpose to serve mankind in a spirit of mutual good-will, differing statements of faith may enrich our common life."

Under the all-inclusive fellowship proposed, local churches will keep their present names, each affiliated denomination would retain, for the present at least, its ecclesiastical name, and the question of local mergers will be left to the local churches. The report will be considered by the American Unitarian Association at the annual meeting in May and by the Universalist General Convention in October.

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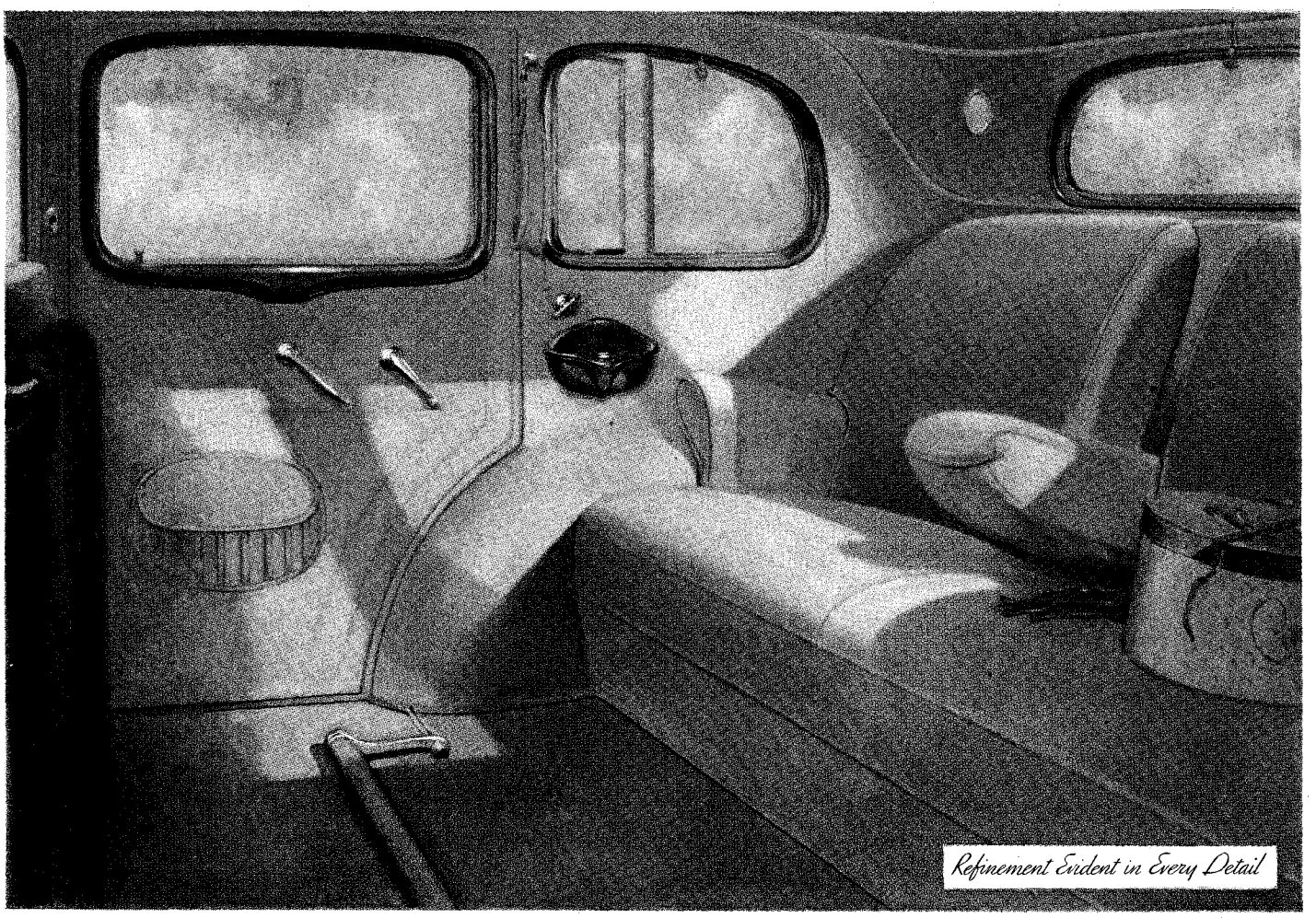
Thoughts

WHILE LOOKING INTO THE NEW BUICK . . .



Now for the interior. Ah, this *is* beautiful. Rich—inviting—livable as a fine home. Ann will like this. It's *big,* too—plenty of room. That means a lot to us.

How about the instrument board? Handsome, all right, and *plainly visible.* Big, easily read instruments looking right up at you through the steering wheel. Cigar lighter. And a *real* ash tray.

Wonder what this is? A locked compartment right in the instrument board—a large one, too! Mighty convenient for valuables.

Here's Fisher No Draft Ventilation. A marvelous thing, all right. No *drafts* blowing round your head, causing colds. No foggy windshield or windows. Fresh air for those who want it, without disturbing other people. This settles the old, old argument about ventilation.

Safety Glass, too! Glad to have that.

Just look at this upholstery. There couldn't be anything finer or richer. Understand you can have it in broadcloth, whipcord or mohair, whichever you prefer. Everything clean and finished. No seams showing in the upholstery—they're bound with braid instead. Concealed window curtains. Even the carpets—fine quality and fine fitting.

And are these seats comfortable! Seem to fit right into them. Lots of leg room, too. Stretch right out and relax. An inviting foot rest there in back. Also arm rests.

Who was it said, "You canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable?" Well, you *can* be both in this car. A regular home on wheels. Guess we'll have to have one. This very one. Ann deserves a Buick.

BUICK GIVES MORE AND BETTER MILES

In addition to exceptional beauty and comfort, the new 1933 Buick gives more and better miles. It is even more capable and durable than previous Buicks. It will serve you dependably for many years. The twenty new Buick body-types are offered at moderate prices on the convenient G. M. A. C. time payment plan. All are Buicks through and through—with new Bodies by Fisher and Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine cushioned in live, resilient rubber to give smoothness with stability. All are fine, economical motor car investments.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

NEW 1933 BUICK

A General Motors Value

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CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

IT'S THE ENGINE THAT COUNTS . . .

and only Chevrolet gives you SIX CYLINDERS OVERHEAD VALVES in a truck of lowest pric

■ What you'll spend on your next low-priced truck—for operation and for upkeep—will depend most of all on *what's under the hood.* Which type of engine is it? How many cylinders has it? Are the valves in the head?

The right answer to these questions will lead you straight to the improved Chevrolet truck. For here is the *one and only* truck of lowest price with *SIX* cylinders and *OVERHEAD* valves! And without these two important features, you simply can't hope to cut your hauling costs down to where you want them—and where Chevrolet keeps them.

Why OVERHEAD design, instead of L-head? Why SIX cylinders, instead of four? Ask engineers, and they'll say, in effect: (1) It takes OVERHEAD valves to give you the power and performance you need in a truck, *at the least cost for gas, oil and repairs.* In airplanes, racing cars and boats, in every form of transportation that *has be dependable, that has to get the MOST MILES out of t fuel it carries,* you'll find engines with overhead valv (2) It takes SIX cylinders to kill excessive vibrati And vibration is the one worst enemy of truck econon

Make no mistake in your choice of a low-priced tru For *maximum* economy, get an engine that's *basica designed* for *maximum economy* . . . a Valve-in-Head S The Chevrolet truck now features many import mechanical improvements, including a bigger, husk rear axle, a heavier frame, and finer Chevrolet-built bod And the new reduced prices—some of them $70 less t last year—are figures that only the world's largest buil of automotive transportation could place on trucks w *SIX cylinders and OVERHEAD valves!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIC

CHEVROLET

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DUCTIONS $70 MUCH AS

HALF-TON PICK-UP $440 . . . SEDAN DELIVERY $545 . . . HALF-TON PANEL $530
131″ STAKE $655 . . . 157″ STAKE $715

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms.

CYLINDER HEAD VALVE TRUCKS

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Threading Lamp Filaments Through Diamonds

THE VALUE OF A DIAMOND as a jewel is measured by its purity, but in making incandescent lamps, its value is measured by hardness.

This is because filaments must be threaded through holes in diamonds to get the proper sizes for various intensities of light.

Drilling the tiny holes in these diamonds comprises perhaps the most delicate task in the manufacture of lamps. Says a bulletin from the Westinghouse Company's news department:

"Practically the entire supply of these diamonds, which are rough cut and of no value for jewelry, comes from the little town of Trevoux, France. Some agencies in this country have attempted to drill the diamonds, and there is apparatus for carrying on this work, but none possess the skill of the French.

Diamond Cut Diamond

"The only way to drill holes in diamonds is with diamond dust." Even at that the smallest hole, between three and four ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter, "requires two weeks of continuous drilling, twenty-four hours a day."

"Trevoux lies on the Saone River a few miles north of Lyon. Cheap labor and a skill founded on years of experience have enabled the people of Trevoux to maintain prominence in this unique art. Practically every one in the village is gifted in this work, yet their methods are quite primitive, as their drilling machines are all operated by hand and foot.

"Diamonds being so hard, the only way to drill holes in them is with diamond dust. Steel needles much like ordinary stitching needles are dipped in diamond dust and used as drills. The needles remain stationary while the diamonds in spindles revolve rapidly. A conical hole is drilled half-way through each side, and these are joined where the apexes of the cones meet.

"Since these diamonds serve as dies for drawing the tungsten filaments used in lamps of various wattages, the sizes of the holes must be varied.

"Difficulty is encountered in drilling the diamond through which wire for the three-watt lamp is drawn. When finished, this wire is invisible to the naked eye, hence the hole must itself be scarcely visible. Sometimes as many as twenty-five diamonds are drilled before one with a hole small enough for this wire is completed. The conical holes are drilled from each side until they just meet and barely break through.

"Drawing of this wire is the most delicate of wire-drawing tests, but even when finished it is not fine enough for the three-watt lamp used in decorative ornaments, in house-numbers, and as indicator lights on ordinary house-lighting currents. It must be etched in acid to reduce its diameter still more.

"The diamonds used for these wire-drawing dies are so hard that the job of drilling them becomes long and tedious.

"The smallest hole drilled is between three and four ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter and requires two weeks of continuous drilling, twenty-four hours a day. Fresh diamond dust and oil are continually dropt on the spot where the needle is drilling."

Musical Molecules

MOLECULES VIBRATE much as a violin-string does, but so rapidly that they produce light and not sound.

The general picture of the molecule as a vibrating mechanical system has been confirmed by research workers at Johns Hopkins University.

Their report, presented to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, bears out the work of the Hindu scientist, Sir Chandrasekhara Raman, who was awarded the Nobel prize in 1931. The Johns Hopkins experiments were conducted by determining the amount of heat energy in a number of "long-chain" molecules. To quote a summary issued by the American Chemical Society (New York):

"Because the molecule is made up of masses and elastic forces, it exhibits certain characteristic frequencies or musical notes in much the same way that a violin-string gives off a note of definite pitch or frequency. These molecular vibrations, however, are so rapid—a trillion per second—that they are inaudible to the human ear, and manifest themselves as light rather than sound. The limit of frequencies audible to the human ear is 10,000 per second.

"'Recent developments in the study of the structure of molecules,' the report declares, 'have shown that the ordinary laws of mechanics are applicable in studying the motion of the atoms in molecular systems. It has been found that when two or more atoms are joined together by the so-called chemical bonds they form a mechanical system which is very analogous to a group of steel balls joined together by spiral springs.

"'The atoms are like the steel balls in that their weight is concentrated at definite points in the system and the chemical bonds, altho essentially electrical in nature, exert forces tying the atoms together which behave much more like the mechanical forces in the spring than like the more familiar electrical forces associated with charged particles. These tiny mechanical systems found in the molecule are characterized chiefly by their vibratory or 'musical' properties.'"

FOR the purposes of their studies, the scientists investigated a group of compounds which consist of carbon atoms joined together in long chains, such as tetradecyl bromid, which contains fourteen carbon atoms joined in a row with an atom of bromin on the end. It appears that—

"In such a molecule the analogy with a vibrating string is very close, and we can investigate the frequencies in such a molecule and apply the ordinary laws of mechanics to study the molecule's behavior. It is particularly interesting to see how much energy is associated with such a vibrating molecule. The motion of the molecule is, of course, due to the heat which it possesses. If we know just what motion the molecule is executing and the rapidity of these motions, we can calculate from the laws of physics how much energy the molecule should possess.

"The present investigation has involved the measurement of the amount of heat energy in a number of 'long-chain' molecules. By cooling off the molecule with the help of liquid air, it is possible to remove practically all the heat from it. The molecule is then allowed to warm up by passing in a measured quantity of heat and observing carefully the rise in temperature.

"In this way, when the molecule is brought to room temperature one knows exactly how much heat it possesses. It is found that this heat is just about what one would expect the molecule to have if it were vibrating with the frequencies which have been observed in its spectrum. This is a further confirmation of the general picture of the molecule as a vibrating mechanical system. It is also interesting as a basis for studying how the heat in the molecule might set up vibrations which may ultimately cause two of the atoms to vibrate so violently that the chemical bond is broken and disruption or dissociation of the molecule results."

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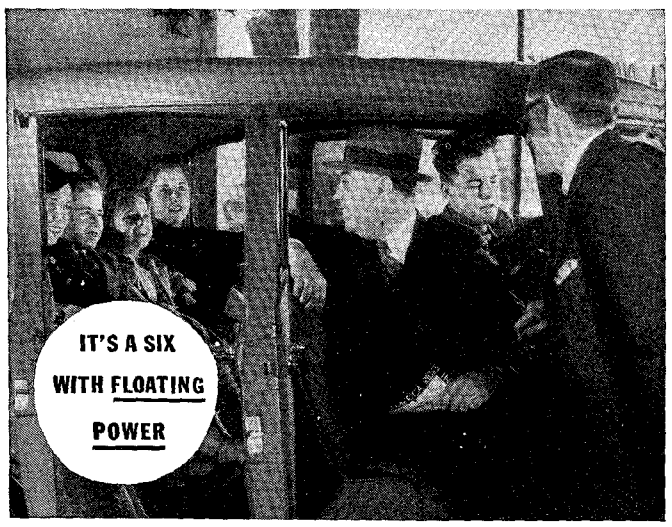
"You said it—we need a Big Car!"

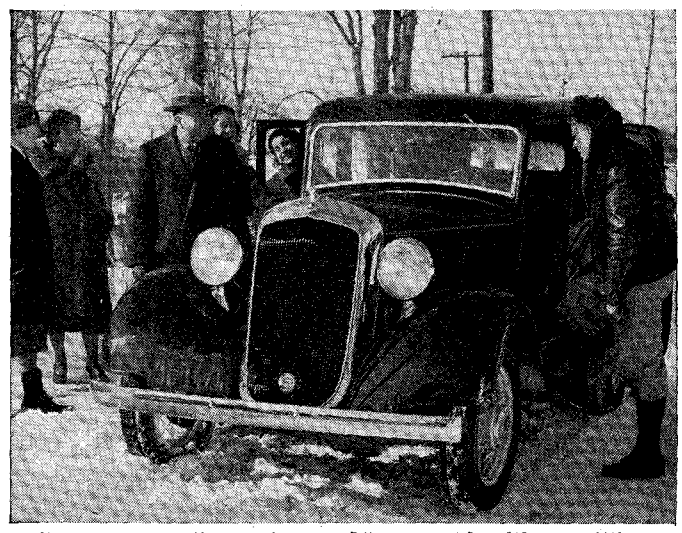
A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH HARRY D. EDWARDS, Engineer, 76 PINE BROOK DRIVE, LARCHMONT, N. Y.

"With a gang the size of mine, somebody usually had to stay home. So *room* in a car was mighty important to us."

"One day we saw a Plymouth ad. The children said: 'That's a swell-looking automobile, Dad. Can't we get one?'"



"When the family saw the new Plymouth, I just *had* to buy it. But the low price and the trade-in made it easy."



"Now we're all very happy. The car rides like a million dollars. I wouldn't buy *any* new car without Floating Power."

"We picked Plymouth because it's so BIG in Size . . . and Value"

MAYBE you haven't got a big family like Harry D. Edwards, but you certainly want *room* in your car.

You can't have real riding comfort if you're cramped for space . . . or, for that matter, if you're annoyed by the vibration of the engine.

We find that people who want comfort . . . who want to relax . . . who want driving to be real fun . . . are picking the new Plymouth Six. Because it's a roomy, *full-sized* car . . . and because it's the only low-priced Six that is free of all vibration.

Remember that Plymouth alone of "All Three" has Floating Power engine mountings! Not merely rubber engine cushions, but a *patent* that eliminates vibration.

What do people think of it? Ask Mr. Edwards. He's an engineer. He says: "In my opinion, any car is behind-the-times without Floating Power! Or, in fact, without Hydraulic Brakes or a safety-steel body!"

Ask your dealer for a Floating Power ride. Also ride in the other two low-priced cars. Then decide!

NEW PRICES—4-DOOR SEDAN NOW $90 LESS

Four-Door Sedan $545, Convertible Coupe $565, Rumble Seat Coupe, $525, Business Coupe $495. All prices f. o. b. factory. Convenient payments. Low delivered prices. Closed cars wired for Philco-Transitone radio. Automatic Clutch optional—$8.

PLYMOUTH SIX $495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY • SOLD BY 7,232 DESOTO, DODGE AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

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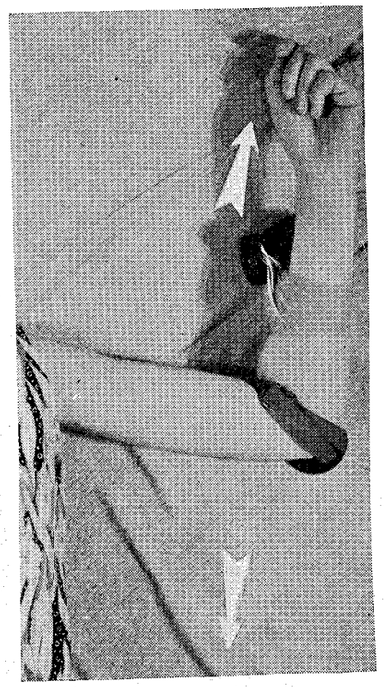
Mineralized Milk

MILK, TO BECOME the "perfect food" that it is sometimes described as being, needs the addition of certain mineral elements it lacks.

Iron, copper and manganese are three of these.

They are present in the organs of the newborn child, which explains why he thrives on milk despite these deficiencies.

Shall we, then, doctor our milk with these metals? Better not, says a writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago); we know too little about their action.



Skating to Health

Weak arms can get exercise in this way when they can do nothing else.

Only, if you are an adult, don't try to live on just milk and nothing else! We read:

"To-day, no one versed in the science of nutrition ventures, as did writers of somewhat earlier days, to designate milk as a 'perfect food,' however indispensable it may seem to be in early life. Sherman has circumspectly designated it as 'the most efficient of all foods in making good the deficiencies of grains and in insuring the all-around adequacy of the diet.' Some authors compromise by calling milk the 'most nearly perfect food.'

"Evidently these cautious pronouncements are intended to make allowance for certain shortcomings of milk. In a recent article it is frankly admitted that, in spite of the exceedingly favorable attitude toward the nutritive value of milk, no one has been able, as far as is known, to rear a mammal from weaning to maturity on whole cow's milk alone. Anemia develops under such conditions.

"Milk is relatively poor in iron, an indispensable component of blood. The danger seems to be averted for the nursling, which comes into the world with a relative richness of iron stored in its body. Hart, Steenbock, Waddell, and Elvehjem demonstrated that milk is deficient also in copper. This element acts as a supplement to iron in the formation of hemoglobin, and it also must be added to milk to prevent the development of anemia. Others have demonstrated that the addition of traces of manganese supplemented with iron and copper has a favorable effect.

"Do these three mineral elements constitute all of the more serious deficiencies that deprive milk of a more perfect reputation as the ideal nutrient? When 'mineralized' milk was fed exclusively to the rat and the pig, remarkably satisfactory growth was achieved. These results demonstrate further the excellent nutritive value of milk alone when specific inorganic deficiencies are corrected.

"The destructive action of these elements on certain organic factors in the milk is another question that must be given consideration. The rapid growth resulting from the feeding of mineralized milk increases the requirement of other nutritive factors. If these are present in low amounts, they may limit growth and development.

"The available facts of experiment are still too scanty to warrant the mineralization of milk for universal human consumption. Much remains to be learned and to be tested. This warning needs to be uttered at a time when the consumer of milk is confronted with the possibilities of clarified, pasteurized and homogenized milk, irradiated milk, acidified milk, evaporated milk, and dried milk; and with milk supplemented with iodin, iron, copper, and manganese as well as a variety of vitamins. Even the cow is now being called on to 'improve' her milk through the enforced intake of special rations. An older food chemist once designated this as 'adulteration with the connivance of the cow.'"

The Roller-Skate Cure

PUT A ROLLER-SKATE TO BED with victims of infantile paralysis.

The plan works with those whose muscles are too weak to move the limbs or whose infancy prevents them from understanding what they are expected to do with the affected parts.

Dr. Nathan H. Rachlin of Brooklyn is quoted in *Modern Medicine* (Minneapolis) as saying that the surgeon may thus enjoy full, continuous, uninterrupted cooperation from patients, parents, and nurses in promoting active movement of the muscles, in home or hospital treatment for the paralyzing malady.

Rachlin gives directions for undertaking roller-skate therapy:

"Lay the patient on his side in bed with the under knee flexed. Attach the roller-skate to the inner side of the leg now uppermost. Roll the skated leg.

"Result: The thigh can now be swung back and forth in a horizontal plane with minimum exertion. A selected group of very weak muscles get exercise. Reason: Gravity and the retarding effect of bed-clothes are defeated; everybody cooperates.

"By adjusting the skate to other parts of the limb in the line of muscle pull, active motion may be won for the quadriceps, the hamstring action on the inner aspect of the foot, and other selected groups of lackadaisical muscles."

Dr. Rachlin himself, in a communication to *The Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery*, says some of the advantages are:

"The ability to utilize a select group of muscles in a very weak stage.

"Ready and active cooperation by patients and parents.

"Continuous and uninterrupted home treatment under supervision of nurse or parents."

Asthma From Crazy Nerves

TWO different nerve mechanisms ordinarily cooperate to control expansion and contraction of the tiny air-passages in the lungs and bronchial tubes as one breathes, but may literally go crazy once in a while to cause diseases such as asthma.

Roller-skating in Bed

Children like it and cooperate with nurse and parents.

This is reported by a London physician, Dr. J. B. Christopherson, says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science*. We read

"Two nerve systems supply the linings of the myriads of air-cells in the lungs. One constricts these air-tubes so that the normal outward breathing of air is aided by the resulting narrowing. For inward breathing the other nerve system, called the sympathetic system, relaxes and widens each air-tube, so that the air enters more easily, and the air-filled volume of the lungs is increased.

"So long as a person is in health these nerve impulses alternate with every breath. Sometimes, however, this rhythm goes wrong, resulting in an actual 'delirium of the respiratory nervous control,' producing serious distress like asthma."

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All cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today

1933 CHRYSLER ROYAL EIGHT SEDAN, $995 (*Special equipment extra*)

"THE FINEST CARS EVER TO BEAR MY NAME" — W. P. Chrysler

All cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today.

Chrysler's advanced engineering gives you NOW the performance, beauty, smoothness and value that others hope some day to equal.

For all cars must some day give that sparkling performance that only Chrysler has today. A way must be found to match Chrysler's flashing acceleration . . . Chrysler's breath-taking speed . . . and the incomparable smoothness of Chrysler's celebrated patented Floating Power.

All cars must soon provide the safety Chrysler gives today . . . the safety of Chrysler's all-steel insulated bodies and low center of gravity; the safety of Chrysler's matchless hydraulic brakes—always equalized, always sure; Chrysler's steadiness and roadability; Chrysler's double protection safety glass windshields.

All cars must sometime match the practical benefits of Chrysler's hard steel alloy valve seats that insure proper sealing of compression and greatly reduce valve grinding . . . Chrysler's squeak-proof Oilite springs that never need lubrication . . . Chrysler's All-Silent transmissions—silent in first and reverse as well as second and high . . . Chrysler's T-slot pistons which will literally outwear the average car . . . Chrysler's Automatic Clutch and Free Wheeling.

Yes, all cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today. But NOW, you can enjoy all these extra advantages and value features only in a Chrysler.

Everywhere you hear that the new Chryslers have stolen a march on the whole industry for value. That's another big reason for seeing them, driving them . . . and *being happier by owning a Chrysler* . . . NOW!

★ ★ ★

1933 Chrysler Six; 83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $795 to $1055. 1933 Royal Eight; 90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, five body types, $945 to $1195. 1933 Imperial Eight; 108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types, $1355 to $1595. 1933 Custom Imperial; 135 horsepower, 146-inch wheelbase, six body types, $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHRYSLER

THE SYMBOL OF GREAT ENGINEERING

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Photographing With Dark Heat

DARK RAYS OF INVISIBLE RADIANT HEAT will take a photograph, just like the visible light-rays.

They are the same thing, only the length of the waves of dark heat is greater than that of the waves of light.

Both will affect a sensitive plate, but only the light affects the retina of the eye.

Says Franklin C. Ellis, of the Eastman Company's office of Public Information in a communication transmitting the accompanying photograph—taken in a dark room:

"Somehow this stunt suggests a way out of his predicament for the legendary 'blind man in a dark room looking for a black hat that isn't there.'

"In a totally dark room in the Kodak Research Laboratories, the bust was set up in front of the camera, faced by two electric irons, as shown in the accompanying photograph. After an hour's exposure, the photograph resulted—with the bust 'illuminated' by heat from the irons.

"As, of course, you know, electric irons do not glow. Therefore there was no visible illumination. Last year, when we took a group picture in the dark in one second, the room was actually flooded with infra-red rays from a battery of sixteen 1,000-watt lights covered by a filter that permitted only the invisible infra-red rays to pass. In the case of the present photograph there was no such source of infra-red rays; but, as you know, infra-red rays are associated with heat. Therefore, when the heat was turned on, infra-red was radiated; and an emulsion very sensitive to the infra-red was able to record the rays.

"The practical usefulness of the new infra-red-sensitive photographic materials at present is principally in the field of astronomy. The annual report (for 1931–32) of Mount Wilson Observatory remarked that the Laboratories' efforts in producing greater sensitivity to the infra-red portions of the spectrum have made possible researches previously quite impractical, and have extended spectroscopy into a new and most important region.

"One rather spectacular accomplishment of the new infra-red-sensitive materials is the discovery of a new spectrum band showing 'with reasonable certainty' the presence of carbon dioxid on Venus, and thus suggesting the possibility of life there."

It's Like the Old Story

About "the blind man in a dark room looking for a black hat that isn't there." A picture taken in the dark with heat-rays.

German Doctor Raps Daily Baths

WE SHOULD NOT BATHE EVERY DAY, we are told by Professor Strassburger in the *Zeitschrift für ärztliche Fortbildung* (Berlin).

Daily bathing, he asserts, is not necessarily healthy. It was once considered essential to hygiene, but, notes the professor, this was a long time ago. He says:

"The daily bath has no special effect upon the health. Quite the contrary. Even for the sake of cleanliness it need not be taken daily.

"There is a further liability to weakness which will work out in the end to a tendency to catch cold.

"Nervous people and convalescents might conceivably benefit from a daily bath if it were not maintained as a habit longer than a few weeks.

"How about the Japanese with their daily baths?

"That is another sort of bath, and lasts for the most part barely two minutes.

"How about cold baths?

"These should really be swims, and even as regards these there are reservations to be made.

"These considerations are urged against the daily bath, not against baths in the warm weather, and as far as possible in the open air.

"Only robust bathing fanatics would want to take their 'swim' all the year through, every day."

Chinese Words in Indian Songs

NEW evidence that the American Indians were originally a Mongolian race which migrated to North America from Asia has been traced in funeral chants and other music of surviving Indian tribes by Dr. Marius Barbeau of the Canadian National Museum at Ottawa. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Dr. Barbeau believes that the music of many of these chants shows clear resemblances to existing music in China but little or no resemblance to European music or to native music in other parts of the world. In some American Indian songs actual words and phrases are said to have been identified as of Chinese origin and with meanings in Chinese dialects, altho the Indians have forgotten the meanings of these words and merely repeat them as traditional parts of the chants. Anthropologists agree that chants and similar music related to cults of worship, burial, magic, and so on, often persist for many centuries almost unchanged, long after the original meanings of both words and music have been forgotten. Dr. Barbeau finds the resemblances to Chinese music especially marked among the Athabaska tribes of the Pacific Northwest; so much so that he suspects these tribes of being relatively recent immigrants from Asia, perhaps at the time of Genghis Khan."

Special Study of Hiccup

HICCUP has been made the subject of a special study by Dr. Charles Mayo, chief of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, who considers the disease important and its control difficult.

For hundreds of years the human race has hiccuped and tried to cure hiccup. In Dr. Mayo's opinion, no disease has had more forms of treatment and fewer results from treatment. To quote a report of Science Service (Washington):

"Five types of hiccup are distinguished according to their cause: infectious persistent hiccup, chemical hiccup, mechanical hiccup, hysterical or psychic hiccup, and indeterminate hiccup.

"The first type is believed to be due to a specific organism, and often occurs in epidemic form but is not considered contagious. It is exhausting, and it respects 'neither night nor day, patient nor physician, usual medication nor prayers.' Frequently the infectious form of hiccup occurs following various operations, most commonly in men over forty-five years of age. Infectious hiccup is treated by serum injections, by sedatives, and by building up bodily resistance.

"Chemical hiccup is usually caused by irritating foods and liquids—notably alcohol—and is customarily treated by emptying the stomach. Occasionally there may be an irritating cause which can be eradicated only by surgery.

"Altho mechanical hiccup may be due to tumors or some equally serious derangement, it is also the form which so often follows a heavy meal. Here the old-fashioned remedies—holding the breath, sipping water, or putting the points of two pins together—may be effective.

"Hysterical hiccup seems to be a woman's disease, and those between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five are most susceptible. Hiccup of this type has been known to last for weeks or months. Treatment is such as will have a psychologic effect.

"A century ago the phrenic nerve was made the point of attack in cases of intractable hiccup through blistering the surface of the neck along the course of the nerve. To-day, if no other successful treatment can be found, operation on this nerve will bring relief to the sufferer."

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The Future!

ARE YOU PREPARING FOR IT?

MANY men and women, with earning years now behind them, must exist for the rest of life on the proceeds of their savings.

Many more, now earning, will reach the same stage a little further along life's journey. Even the youngest income-producer should think that far ahead.

How shall the funds then in hand be used to secure the greatest possible return—(*a*) *with a guaranty against shrinkage,* (*b*) *with freedom from investment problems,* (*c*) *with certainty to the end of life?*

There is just one answer, provided no part of the original fund needs to be passed along to other hands at death . . . *buy an Annuity from a strong life insurance company.*

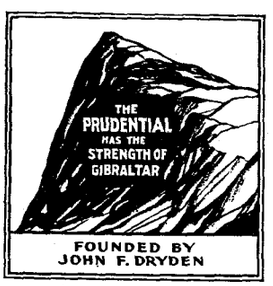
For a man sixty years old, The Prudential guarantees an annual payment equal to 9.25 per cent. of the purchase price. For a man at age 65 the figure is 10.7 per cent., or at age 70 it is 12.9 per cent. For a woman the percentage is slightly less (female annuitants live longer than males).

The idea is adaptable to individual needs. You can purchase with present funds an income to begin some years hence, perhaps making further purchases later as you are able. Two persons can buy a joint income to continue to the survivor after the death of the first.

Our Retirement Annuity policy enables you to secure these advantages by spreading your purchase cost equally from now to the age you choose.

Get Yourself an Annuity

Let us suggest a plan to fit. Any local office or Agent, or the Annuity Section at the Home Office, Newark, N. J., will be glad to help



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"That Mr. Stedman's a Real Sailor, Sir"

THE BOATSWAIN WAS GRATEFUL—the British bos'n whose storm-battered steamship had dug herself a grave in mid-Atlantic.

His eyes, which had looked death in the face, followed the stalwart young Yankee skipper who, by a brave and smart bit of seamanship, had taken off the sinking freighter's twenty-two survivors and brought them into port.

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The Yankee Skipper (Front Row, Second From the Left) and Some of the British Salts He Saved

Many flowers of oratory were showered upon Capt. Giles Stedman, of the *American Merchant*—his first command—when he landed in New York. Mayor O'Brien and various other important landlubbers wove wreaths, festoons, and gates ajar of rhetoric over his stirring exploit.

SOME of these soaring encomiums brought a deeper flush to his brick-red cheeks, but possibly none of them reached his heart as keenly as the shy words of a grateful seaman—Henry Joseph, the rescued bos'n of the British freighter, *Exeter City*, lost at sea—who uttered to a reporter of the New York *Daily News* a modest gem of British conciseness:

"That Mr. Stedman's a real sailor, sir."

The freemasonry of the sea was also shown by Captain Stedman, who, in accepting the various honors bestowed upon him, explained that he did so on behalf of his own brave crew, and also of the brave crew of the foundered vessel, whose behavior under extreme stress of disaster he praised in the highest degree.

At the Advertising Club, where a luncheon was given in his honor, he made the seamanlike statement that "any other group of sailormen under similar circumstances would have responded in the same manner as the officers and crew of the *American Merchant*." And, further—we quote *The Herald Tribune:*

"There are times in the lives of all of us," he said, "when Divine Providence creates a situation or a set of circumstances with which we become associated. Just one week ago to-day, out in mid-Atlantic, a storm was raging, and while I do not know the exact number, there were approximately fifty ocean-going vessels on the Atlantic at that time. Suddenly the elements over which none of us has control became too strong for a small British freighter. It was the good fortune of the *American Merchant* to be at that moment not far distant from the distrest vessel."

Once before Captain Stedman has figured in a sea rescue. This was in 1925, in October, when the Italian freighter *Ignacio Florio* went down in mid-Atlantic.

Captain Stedman, then first officer of the United States liner *President Harding*, commanded a lifeboat which took off the crew of twenty-eight men. Later he and others, including Capt. Paul Grening, master of the *Harding*, were decorated by the United States Treasury Department for heroism at sea, and Captain Stedman was decorated by the King of Italy for valor.

Born at Quincy, Massachusetts, on September 8, 1897, Captain Stedman is one of the youngest masters in the American merchant marine.

FIRST-HAND narratives of the *Exeter City* rescue are given by *The Times* in connection with the homecoming of the *American Merchant*. Thus:

Captain Stedman's rescued guests, from the tow-headed youth of sixteen to the graying, scholarly chief engineer, paid sincere tribute to him, to his aids, and to the difficult means they were forced to employ in effecting the rescue.

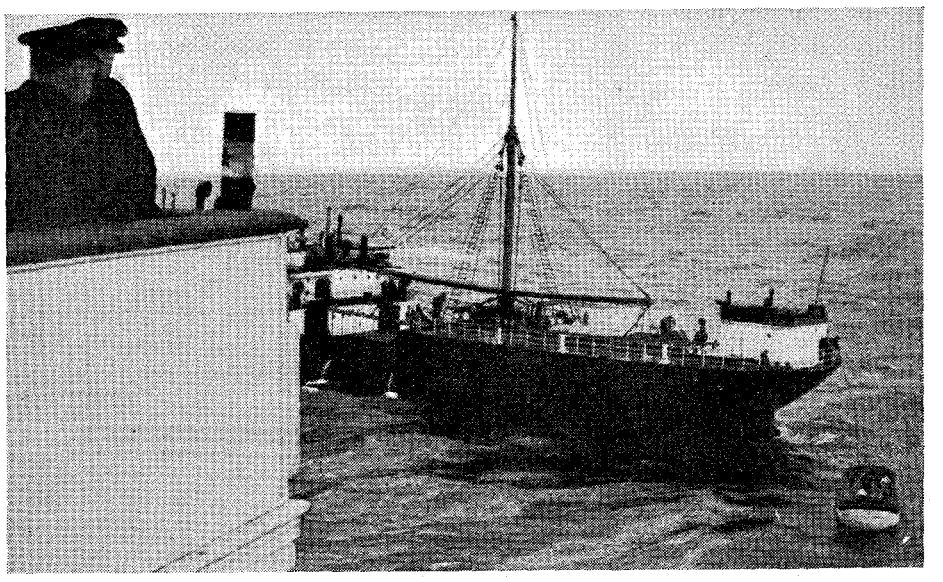
The blond youth, wearing a bright red choker sweater and threadbare trousers and jacket, looked puzzled at all the attention, and squirmed under the efforts to make a hero of him too. His name is Geoffrey Carter, and his cryptic reply to a question gave a fair indication of the attitude on the *Exeter City* after her bridge and chartroom had been torn away in one swoop of the sea, carrying her captain, her third officer, and two seamen to their deaths.

"Well, what did you do during the rest of the night when the ship was filling with water?" Carter was asked.

"Oh, we cleaned up a bit, and cleaned out our quarters," he replied. "We have to keep our bunks clean, you know."

C. G. Roach, chief engineer, who was the senior man on the freighter after its captain was lost, said he was down below "when it happened."

It was late Thursday night of last week. Three towering waves, like battering-rams, hit the ship in quick succession, and



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The Lundin Life-boat Is Being Hauled Back From the Sinking "Exeter City," With a Load of Refugees

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when they subsided the ship's superstructure was gone and Capt. Ernest Legg, master, was carried away instantly, with his third officer, Ivor Hawkins, and the two seamen.

Chief Engineer Roach, who looks more like a professor than a seaman, told of the disaster and the rescue.

"For the time I was busy with my engines," he said. "Later when the sea had subsided I went above and met this sailor-fellow. He told me the 'whole shooting-match had gone,' and when I got to the top of the companionway nothing was there at all, only the broken door and the pitching sea roaring outside.

"It was a hard night and day. You see, we couldn't really do much about it. We could get along without the bridge all right, but the sea had left a gaping hole over the forward hold. Water poured in, but we couldn't fight it, couldn't use the pumps, because we couldn't get to the water. As fast as it came in, the china clay, which was our cargo, absorbed it, and you know you can't pump wet china clay."

Mr. Roach said all the crew, including the young boys among the seamen, worked "with a will," but could not hold the crumbling vessel together any longer. He said it seemed to him that the ship was all but ready to sink when they left her.

He said that "when we left her," the *Exeter City's* propellers were half showing. She was down by the bow, "a torn and crippled ship, ready to go down.

"She was a good ship," he added, "but old, and she got an unlucky blow."

The chief engineer wrote a note on the liner's stationery and handed it out to the press. In it he said he wanted to thank Captain Stedman for the memorial service he held for the four lost men and for the service of thanksgiving for the rescued men.

"For us all," he concluded, "I want you to convey to all the world our deep sense of thankfulness and gratitude for a brave deed, successfully done by a brave sailor and gentleman, Capt. Giles Stedman, and his officers and crew."

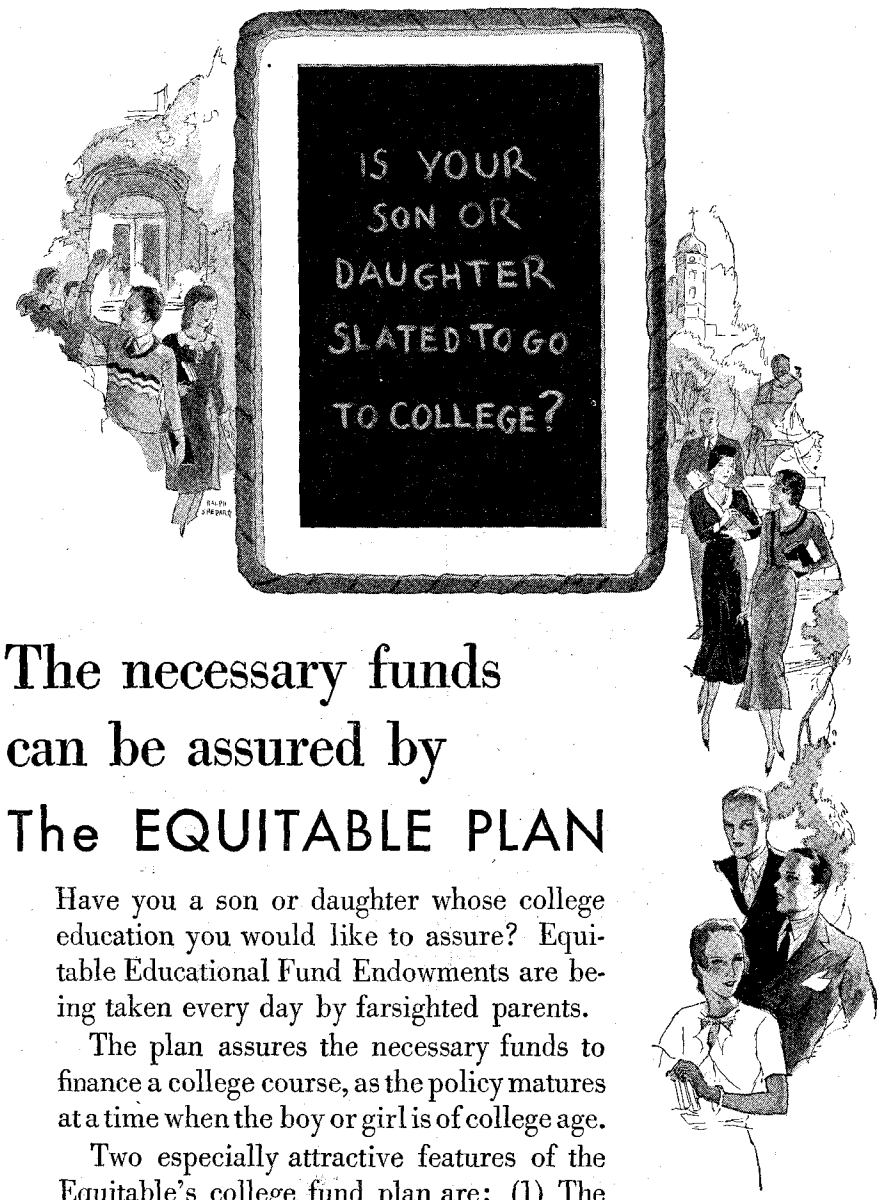
CAPTAIN STEDMAN is quoted as saying that he breathed a prayer for the men when he sighted the *Exeter City* Friday morning after several hours' steaming to the rescue. "In the center of a tumultuous sea, buffeted by high winds and wallowing helplessly, she was a pitiful sight." Moreover:

Her radio, put out of commission in the beginning of the storm, had been repaired by Wirelessman Victor Lothian during the early morning, and Captain Stedman got the call about dawn. When he came in sight, the radio was dying out again, and after he got nearer he signaled her by voice.

Having a bad cold, he called upon Frank Flowers, chief steward of the *American Merchant*, whose voice he said could be heard above any storm. "Fog-Horn Flowers," they call him. He stood beside the captain and was his voice.

Even tho a storm was raging, the men on the *Exeter City* could hear Mr. Flowers farther than the heavy Lyle gun could shoot a line, which it did eventually just before the rescue was made.

Captain Stedman said he called to the *Exeter City* to pump oil, and they put about seventy-five tons on the sea. The *American Merchant* circled around, spilling about ten tons more in a wide circle. Then they came back near by. Several times the *Merchant's* slender prow was brought to within 150 feet of the stern of the sinking vessel. Captain Stedman was practising,



The necessary funds can be assured by The EQUITABLE PLAN

Have you a son or daughter whose college education you would like to assure? Equitable Educational Fund Endowments are being taken every day by farsighted parents.

The plan assures the necessary funds to finance a college course, as the policy matures at a time when the boy or girl is of college age.

Two especially attractive features of the Equitable's college fund plan are: (1) The college fund is built up gradually over a period of years with only slight drafts upon income. (2) The savings plan is "insured."

* * *

Perhaps your needs call for some insurance plan other than an Educational Fund for a son or daughter. Whatever those needs—whether a retirement income for yourself, provision to retire a mortgage, protection of your business interests—you can be sure they will be adequately provided for in the program recommended by the Equitable agent. Using the system of professional analysis known as the EQUITABLE CASE METHOD, he studies your individual requirements, and then works out a plan *made to YOUR measure.*

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LIFE ASSURANCE
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Thomas I. Parkinson, *President.* 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send booklet regarding your "insured" college fund plan, also details of your Case Method of Life Insurance planning.

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SCOTLAND

Be sure you include Scotland in your European trip. The journey is great, the destination wonderful. Every weekday the world's two most famous trains—the Flying Scotsman from King's Cross and the Royal Scot from Euston—make their epic runs between London and Scotland. Luxury trains they are with a long tradition for comfort and good service—record breakers both, doing the 400 miles in well under 8 hours!

There's so much to see. Edinburgh and Holyrood—scene of the Mary-Darnley-Rizzio drama—the Scott Country, the Isle of Skye with its memories of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the famous golf resorts on the East Coast, the grandeur of the Highlands. Give yourself plenty of time in Scotland.

With a return ticket to Scotland you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland Routes.

Illustrated Pamphlets from T. R. Dester—Vice-President, Passenger Traffic, (Dept. A-33) L M S Corporation, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City; H. J. Ketcham, General Agent, L & N E Railway, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, or from your own ticket agent.

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and
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OF GREAT BRITAIN

seeing how close he could get and still be ready to back away before the swell should lift them on top of the other ship.

"It was too rough to try boat work," he said. "A rolling swell, which was not breaking because of the oil, made it difficult to try the boats. The life-boats of the *Exeter City* were useless. She was sinking, and we had to do something before it was too late.

"So we tried the line. Much to my surprize, it landed the first time. Dr. Cyril von Baumann, the ship's doctor, fired the gun, and it was perfect work. He is a graduate of Annapolis and an expert at this sort of thing. We were about 400 yards away, and the projectile soared over the *Exeter City's* foremast, and fell. They got it.

"We attached the end to our Lundin life-boat and let the boat down. They towed it across, and we paid out another line from our deck."

WHILE the life-boat was rising and falling a distance of twenty feet beside the low deck of the freighter, we are told, the twenty-two seamen, one by one, leapt away from the ship each time the boat came up. They jumped well:

Not one missed. The chief engineer and William Bowen, thirty-three-year-old chief officer, were the last to jump.

When the life-boat was back alongside the *Merchant*, mattresses from the seamen's bunks, cargo nets, and two ladders were swung overside and the men were hauled up safely. The were fed and put to bed. Nine of them were treated for minor injuries by Dr. von Baumann, but by the next morning all were on deck, fully recovered.

The city's welcoming boat *Macom* met the *American Merchant* at Quarantine, with Captain Stedman's sisters, the Misses Mary and Alice Stedman, on board. As she steamed up the river, all ships docked on either side ran up three signal flags. In the international code they spelled L I T, which means "very well done." When the *American Merchant* had her lines out she ran up the reply—three flags spelling T D L—meaning "thank you." But the liner is so small that the flags only floated as high as the shoulder of the pier.

The distinguished service citation of the Veteran Wireless Operators' Association, given periodically for bravery in line of duty to radio operators, was presented to Henry Victor Lothian, operator of the *Exeter City*, by Fred Muller, president of the organization.

L. M. Athey and Walter Adams, chief operator and second in command, respectively, of the *American Merchant* radio equipment, who heard the S O S sent by Lothian, were notified that their names would be placed on the roll of honor of the veteran operators. All three men briefly recounted their experiences during the disaster, and told how the radio compass of the *American Merchant* played a vital part in locating the disabled British freighter.

CAPTAIN STEDMAN gave *The Herald Tribune* a graphic account of the part played by radio in the rescue, and some fragments of the conversation between the two vessels. Thus:

We sent a message asking the navigator just what equipment for determining position was left aboard the *Exeter City*. They replied that they had found a sextant but no chronometer.

Our navigator, Mr. Gillis, then stationed himself in the radio-room. He got a time tick and with their sextant angle worked out the result which concurred accurately with the bearing our radio direction-finder gave us.

At this time the weather was improving, but at intervals there were violent squalls that whipt up the seas into one long, rolling sea.

After we sighted the vessel, at 10:44 A. M., it took us more than two hours to reach her. We were unable to do more than thirteen knots, and were rolling deeply in the heavy seas—about 32 degrees. The wind had been force nine (almost a whole gale), but had moderated when we came alongside, about 1 P. M.

We found the vessel yawing wildly, and exchanged the following radio messages:

From *Exeter City*—"Sinking rapidly. Want to abandon ship—twenty-two men."

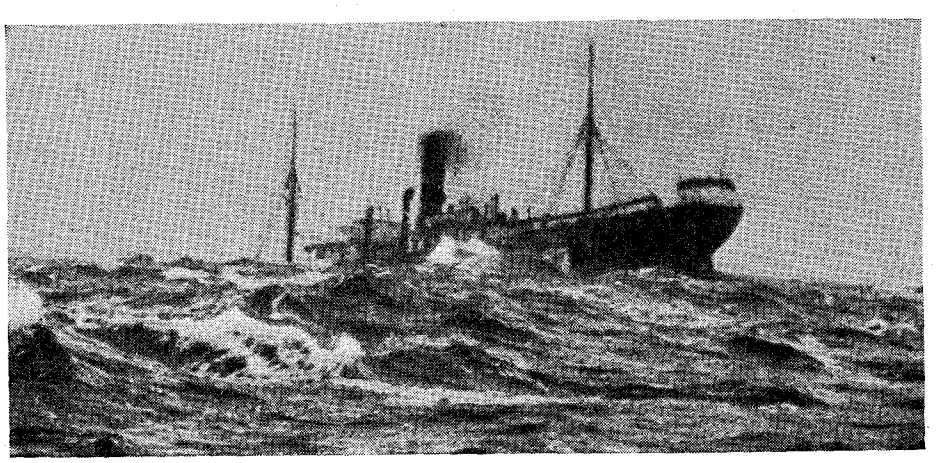
From *American Merchant*—"Stop your engines. Use any oil you may have. How long can you stay afloat?"

From *Exeter City*—"Stopping engines. Putting oil out. Don't know how long she will stay afloat."

From *American Merchant*—"Will take you off as soon as weather improves."

At this time the radio apparatus of the *Exeter City* failed and it became necessary thereafter to come within hailing distance.

The swell was still high and breaking dangerously, with violent hail squalls. The steamer was well off to leeward, cruising about and pumping oil freely. Returning at 2:45 P. M. we maneuvered close to the disabled vessel. Altho the weather was moderating and boat work might be possible in the evening, the oil had had such an effect on the seas that it was decided to attempt to float a life-boat across to the distrest vessel.



Keystone-Underwood

The End of the Chapter: Good-by, "Exeter City"!

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Key to the State Flowers—Group Two (See Cover)

FOUR States claim the violet as their official flower, three claim the golden-rod, and two the rhododendron. This helps to explain why our second group of State flowers, on this week's cover, embraces twenty-seven States with its twenty-one flowers.

And then, we include Alaska. Altho not technically a State, it compensates for the absence of Pennsylvania, which has no State flower.

In the first group, on last week's cover, there were eighteen flowers, claimed by twenty-one States. To-day's instalment completes the floral roll-call.

THE KEY

1. OXEYE DAISY.....North Carolina
2. PEACH BLOSSOM.....Delaware
3. MOUNTAIN LAUREL..Connecticut
4. PASSION-FLOWER.....Tennessee
5. VIOLET..Illinois, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin
6. BLACK-EYED SUSAN...Maryland
7. ORANGE BLOSSOM.....Florida
8. GOLDENROD..Alabama, Kentucky, and Nebraska
9. SUNFLOWER.....Kansas
10. COLUMBINE.....Colorado
11. YUCCA.....New Mexico
12. SCARLET CARNATION.....Ohio
13. CHEROKEE ROSE.....Georgia
14. FORGET-ME-NOT.....Alaska
15. ROSE.....New York
16. SAGEBRUSH.....Nevada
17. PASQUEFLOWER...South Dakota
18. MISTLETOE.....Oklahoma
19. RHODODENDRON...West Virginia and Washington
20. OREGON GRAPE.....Oregon
21. SAGUARO.....Arizona

Verification of this key and of the key which appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST of last week has been obtained from the Governors of the several States.

Always on the Go.—It may rime with NIX, but from a new news standpoint 'twould seem TIX is the whole show there—anyway here is a clipping from the Hastings (Minn.) *Gazette*:

Mr. and Mrs. Nick B. Tix; Mathias, Alfred, and Joe Tix motored to St. Paul on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick B. Tix and Marie and Alfred Tix motored to Fairbault on Thursday.

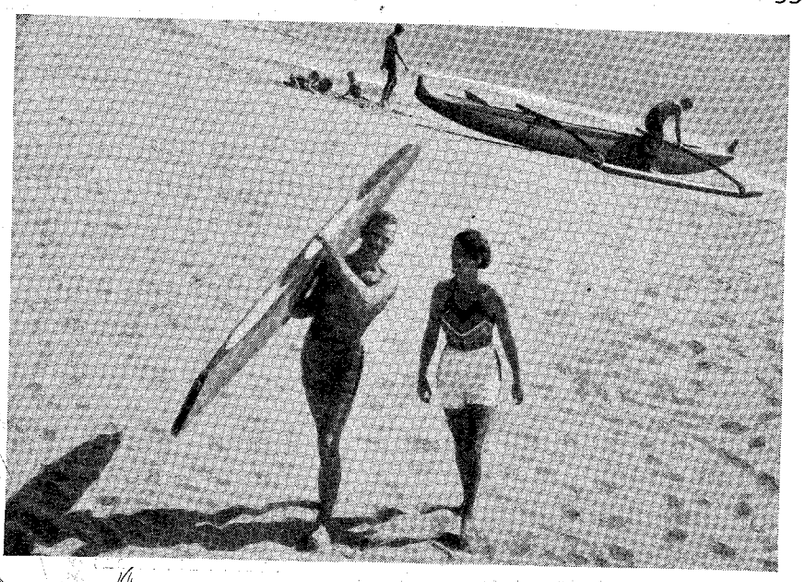
Marie Tix and Mathias Tix spent Sunday at the George Boudreau home.

Mrs. Joseph W. Busch, of New Prague, spent the week-end with her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Nick B. Tix.

Marie Tix, Mathias Tix, Everet and Richard Boudreau attended the show at the Paramount Theater at Fairbault Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Gitzen called on Mr. and Mrs. Nick B. Tix Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick B. Tix and Mrs. Joseph Busch motored to Cannon Falls on Saturday.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



We couldn't remember what we came to forget

FORT DE RUSSY'S gun salutes the sunset. Five o'clock on Oahu. The sun drops down for its dip in the southern sea. A moon rises behind Diamond Head. Purple shadows begin to tint the sea about us.

Five o'clock now...dinner at eight. Time for one more flight down white wavecrests. Then a shower, tingling against sun-warmed skin. Dressing leisurely with the sounds of tinkling glasses and laughter coming from a nearby lanai. Outside the window, dusk. Waikiki's lights twinkling to the early stars, and away on the coral reef the puff of white surf, the mystic flare of torches where natives fish with spears.

Here surely is the place where you can forget! Forget...forget what? We can't remember...It doesn't matter.

But Remember This

Seeing Honolulu and the island of Oahu is just one-fourth of your Hawaiian adventure. You can cruise by plane or steamer from Honolulu to the isles of Kauai...Maui...and Hawaii. ¶305,059 U. S. citizens are waiting to welcome you...*now*. ¶Thanks to the cooling trade winds the thermometer will stay below 85° all summer long. ¶This is the season (March—September) of the beautiful flame trees...gardens growing in the tree tops. ¶385 pounds is the record swordfish catch with a regulation 24-thread line in Hawaiian waters. ¶There are 20 golf courses on the four main islands. In fact, every sport you have ever known...in a brand new setting.

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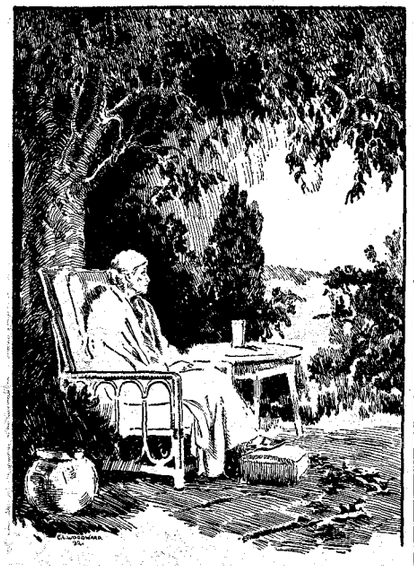

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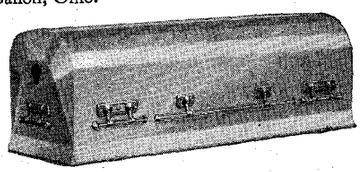

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Her Red Excellency, the Ambassadress

THE diplomatic genius of the Soviet world—such is Alexandra Kollontay's reputation in Europe.

Just now she represents Moscow at the capital of Sweden.

Is there a chance that she may some day be transferred to Washington?

That may seem a remote contingency in America, where the question of recognizing the Soviet Government is not generally regarded, at this time, as a pressing one. But in Europe its pros and cons are always on the carpet—sometimes in connection with this brilliant Russian woman, concerning whose ability to make American friends for her country, as well as advancing Soviet interests in a diplomatic way, we find interesting discussions in the press.

Madame herself apparently likes the idea.

"Across the pale and slightly worn and weary countenance of Alexandra Kollontay," says a correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "a smile makes its way whenever the possibility of her transfer from Sweden to the New World in a diplomatic capacity is referred to in her presence."

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Mme. Alexandra Kollontay Is "Glad to Continue in the Diplomatic Service"

Conservative newspapers in Germany are indeed persuaded that between Washington and Moscow a new diplomatic relationship is to exist.

But Alexandra Kollontay, in the opinion of this German writer, will not be transferred to Washington.

She has been too deeply involved in "red" conspiracy to make her eligible even from the Bolshevik point of view.

Yet she is the diplomatic star of the Bolshevik world.

It must be conceded, writes Jo van Ammers-Küller in the above-mentioned article, that Alexandra Kollontay belongs in the inmost Bolshevik circle. She is, in the technical vocabulary of the subject, a "historical" revolutionary, that is, one who from the first joined the Reds, he declares, adding these confirmatory details:

After a short period of study at Zurich, Alexandra Kollontay joined in her extreme youth the orthodox Socialist movement. She went over to the extreme radical wing of the party, with those turbulent spirits, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg.

And Alexandra Kollontay was the daughter of a Russian militarist of high rank in the Army!

She still speaks of those days as if she were part and parcel of a heroic band of officials instead of belonging to a set of Reds. She does not in her talk often mention names except occasionally Lenin or Trotzky.

One among the hosts of revolutionaries who in the days of the old Russian Czardom spun threads of conspiracy far and wide—this she was. She dwelt then at times in the fallen German Empire of the Wilhelmine era, engaged with others in undermining the foundations on which that Empire was built. Countless threads she spun herself from Germany far across Europe and as far off as to America.

Alexandra was one of this host of fierce fanatics, distinguished among them for her perfect command of an oratorical style that beguiled and prevailed.

She rose rapidly in the party of revolution because of her gift for establishing and developing contacts with elements hard to conciliate yet essential to win over.

In those days the line between the legal and the illegal was not drawn so tightly as it was in Russia, but even then the German authorities kept their keen eyes upon her movements. Again and again her appearance in public was forbidden by the police, who now and then manifested a disposition to seek her out in her place of abode.

Alexandra Kollontay fled.

She lurked in places of concealment with secret spies upon her trail.

In 1914 she joined the party led by Trotzky. This was the party which had dared to express its hatred of the war then raging.

Alexandra Kollontay was sent by this group to America and was received with

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enthusiasm by the workers who opposed the war. We are told further:

Later she visited every neutral civilized land in which anti-war Socialists held meetings—except Germany. There she was a public enemy.

Even in the neutral lands she was spied upon by the police.

Everywhere her words were taken down, everywhere the war-fever made her an object of suspicion.

Norway expelled her.

In Sweden, where a great refugee Russian colony had grown up, she was arrested and thrust beyond the frontier and told never to come back.

"When," she confessed with another of her roguish smiles, "I was appointed by the Soviet Government Ambassadress to Sweden, the Swedish order exiling me forever from Sweden was still in force. But the Swedish Government graciously revoked it."

The reception-room in the embassy over which she presides has a great portrait of Lenin on the wall.

There is also a group picture showing Alexandra Kollontay, elegantly attired as a *grande dame*, surrounded by the staff over which she officially presides as a diplomatic envoy.

After this glimpse we turn back to the year of the collapse of the Czardom, and read:

Alexandra Kollontay was among those who rushed pell-mell to the frontier of their native land.

She was halted at the barrier.

A young officer stared at her grimly.

She told him her name.

He seized her hand and kissed it reverently.

Arrived at St. Petersburg, Alexandra found the revolutionary government of Kerensky in control.

With amazement she heard that the hungry, ill-clad, homeless Russian masses wanted the war to go on.

In another hour she was delivering orations on the street corners.

That same night she hastened to a meeting of laborers and harangued them on the subject of the wickedness of war. They scarcely listened to her. She was unknown. They thought her an enemy of the new State.

Alexandra Kollontay, who had endured long years of exile and of suffering for the Russian masses, was now nearly lynched by those same masses.

In a few days more she was under arrest.

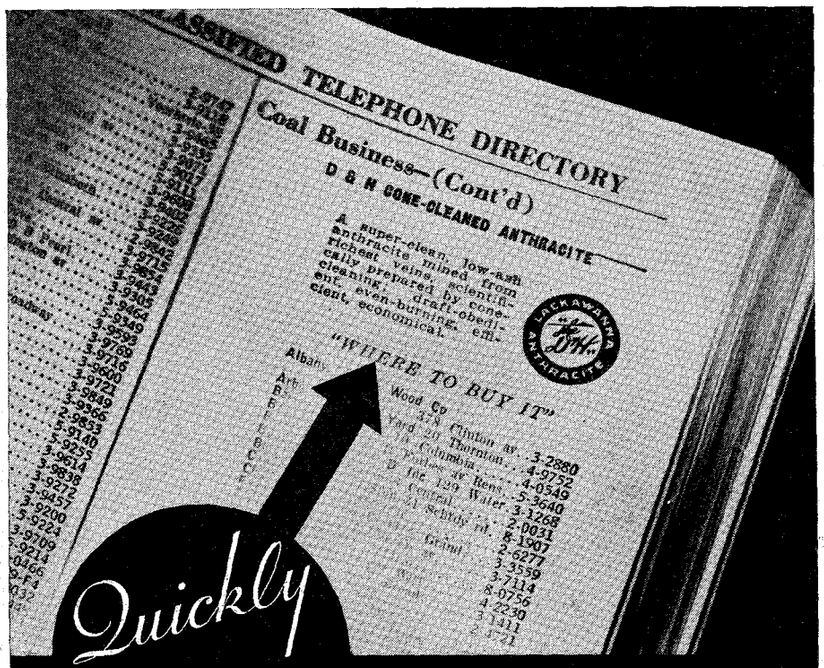
Her present brethren and comrades, the Bolsheviki, were open foes of the Kerensky Government.

And now began the great upheavals and overturns for which she had worked so long and so faithfully—but she was in prison, taking no part in them. Not for three months was she free. Kerensky, well knowing her power over the crowds she talked to, ordered her under house arrest.

But the period of power of Russia's first revolutionary dictator was nearing its end. In the ensuing October Kerensky was overthrown by the Bolsheviki. Lenin formed and conducted the Soviet Government.

Among the first he summoned into his council was Alexandra Kollontay. For the first time in history a woman became a member of a ministry holding supreme power in an established government.

Her gifts for conciliation and her capacity to elucidate the standpoints of Bolshevism



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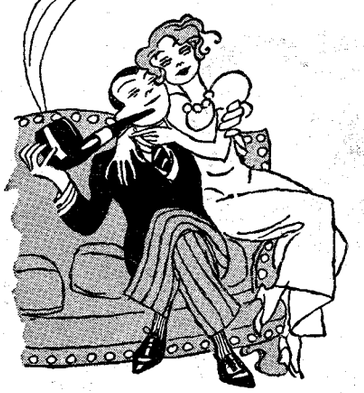

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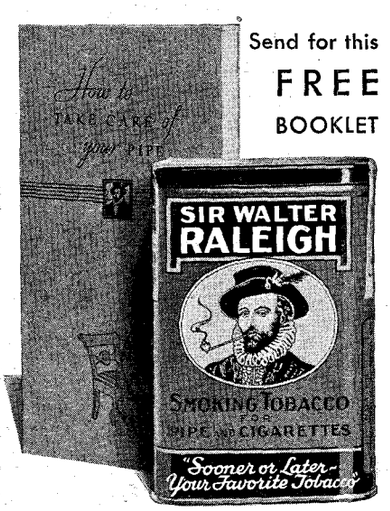
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indicated her as eligible for a diplomatic mission. The idea seems to have been that of a special errand upon which she might depart temporarily. She was Ambassadress first in Norway, then in Mexico, then again in Norway, and subsequently in Sweden. Summarizing her diplomatic achievements:

She succeeded in eliminating at various capitals an almost invincible distrust of the Soviet Government.

She is glad to continue in the diplomatic service.

But often she pays visits to Russia, being deeply involved in the development of the Bolshevik State.

AND now the correspondent speaks:

"Will you permit me, Madam, to ask you two frank questions?"

"Naturally!"

"What do you, who have battled so hard for women and children, you who as a child suffered so much from vested wrong, what do you think of the bloodshed caused by the Russian revolution?"

Her gray eyes are now turned from me.

For the first time during our interview, she seems to shift her gaze. Her exquisite fingers pause as they are drawn across her finely outlined lips.

"It could not be otherwise," she remarked at last. "Every revolution has its bloodshed. It is frightful but inevitable. It must be accepted with the rest. One thing we must remember—the victory is worth the sacrifice. A war is useless, but in a revolution that is true something great and precious is attained. The world has changed"—and now she looks me again in the face—"something has started that no power can stop."

"And how, Madam, do you interpret the fact that the Bolshevik Government forbids and seeks to uproot the Christian religion?"

"The Bolshevik Government seeks to uproot, and it forbids only the Russian clergy, whose activity has always been prejudicial and even dangerous to Russia. A prohibition of the Christian religion is not involved at all. The churches are no longer supported by the Government. When the churches stand empty, they are torn down or put to other uses."

"But do we not read on the walls of the Kremlin—"

"'Religion is the opium of the people.' Certainly. We do not wish to fill the minds of our children with the abstractions of Christian dogma or to set before them the impossible demands of such a Christianity. We seek to implant in their minds the ideals of a new community life and a faith that calls for deeds."

He Spoke Out of Turn

The trial of David Lawrence, Okolona, Mississippi, Negro, for manslaughter, had come to an end, and Judge Pegren had sent the jury out to try for a verdict. An hour and one-half passed, and the jury had not returned. Lawrence, who had pleaded not guilty, asked to see the judge. "I want to plead guilty, Judge," he said, fearing a sentence of death otherwise. The judge accepted the plea and sentenced Lawrence to 7½ years in prison. A few moments afterward the jury filed in and announced a verdict of not guilty. But the judge's sentence will stand.—*Wall Street Journal.*

An Escaped Savage Who Chaffs the Tired Business Man

THE Executives' Club, of Chicago, having enjoyed one of its famous cultural luncheons, settled down to be entertained by its guest of honor.

In a few seconds he had the members and their guests shaking with laughter over the differences between their brand of civilization and his brand of savagery—that is, the brand of his ancestral tribe, with which he spent his earliest years in the tropical Soudanese jungle.

A large radio audience was listening in to the reclaimed Bushman's quips and the tired business men's guffaws.

In *The Executives' Club News*, from which we glean the story, the report of the long talk by Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lobagola, the former savage who speaks like a cultivated white man, is punctuated with the parenthesis "(Laughter.)"

"We have many tabus in my country. So have you in your country. (Laughter.)"

"If a man has a dozen wives, why, naturally, he finds a lot to do to keep them quiet. (Laughter.)"

And so it went.

THE only thing the Bushmen have in common with civilized men is that they have arms, legs, ears, eyes, stomachs to fill, and a desire to rest when weary. But dismiss the notion that their bit of Africa would be a refuge from the depression. The Bushmen discourage strangers by skinning or boiling them alive.

Hear it from the lips of Lobagola:

My people are so primitive that they do not value time. We have no seconds, no minutes or hours. We have time for everything. (Laughter.)

My country is between six and eight degrees north of the equator, and we have an average temperature of between 125 and 135 for nine months of the year, so you can readily understand now why we do not wear clothes. (Laughter.)

We do not dress. We decorate. We wear amulets, charms, and trinkets. There is no compulsory labor in my country. (Laughter.)

We have not the economic problems that you have. We do not have to pay rent. (Laughter.) We do not have to pay taxes. We do not have to buy food. All we have to do, that is, the women, is to go outside and pick it, and they prepare it and everyone eats it. No markets, no bazaars, no stores, no bartering, no trading, no exchanging, no selling. We are a bush people.

The Bushmen, it seems, are not wild. Lobagola never saw a wild man until he met civilized men. "We are savage because we are naked," he says, "and we are cruel because we are ignorant, and all ignorant people are cruel. Fetishism is the dominant religion—a worship of evil spirits, with not a good one in the lot."

Lobagola acquired a sense of humor with his pants.

Polygamy is the rule. "A man in my country doesn't love his wives. A lot of

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men here don't love their wives, either." Titters from the Executives.

"But we are contented," Lobagola says, contrasting the bush with steel, stone, and street-cars:

And since happiness is a relative term, you can consider my own brother as happy; much happier than I am, because my brother has no gray hairs, no headaches, no problems.

He doesn't know the things I know. He is not used to the wild beasts of the western world. He is used to a few leopards, a few snakes, a few lions, elephants, and things of that kind, but what is that compared with a few taxicabs and automobiles

A Civilized Savage

and drunken drivers and gunmen and everything?

THE white man is the bogy of the bush, and thereby hangs Lobagola's strange tale. One day, tired of fighting with monkeys, he suggested to a playmate that they go a little way from camp and run back, saying they had seen a white man coming, and pretending to be terribly frightened. Thirteen others were finally inveigled into the practical joke.

They went beyond the fire ring surrounding the village. But they went too far, and couldn't find their way back. The oldest of the crowd of fourteen was only eleven, the youngest five. "Ema, Ema, Ema!" he screamed. But there was no answer from "Ema," which is the name for mother in Lobagola's native tongue.

Forty-five days the boys wandered, and when they came out of the Ondo bush they were on the west coast of Africa, 700 miles from home. By a miracle they came out without a scratch—fourteen hardy, naked, little boys. They stood on the beach, gazing at the sea, the great, double surf rolling in. They saw black men paddling a dugout canoe out to ships in the harbor. They didn't know what the ships were, so they got hold of a canoe and tried to take it out. But the surf threw it back on the beach,

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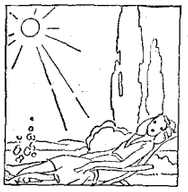

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and, tired out, the little naked boys cried. But, Lobagola recites:

One morning the surf was low and we got the canoe out into the smooth water. Then we had to paddle. What a p..ful sight! We didn't know that we should all paddle at the same time. But we paddled the thing, anyway. I don't know even to-day how that canoe moved, but I know it did move and it went away out into the Gulf of Guinea. The Gulf of Guinea, remember, is a tropical water. You will know it is tropical if you ride along and look down into it. You will see what is there: sharks; not one or two—but schools of sharks, gliding around the boat, ducking away and appearing again.

We didn't know those dangers. Our canoe went out and came alongside a big, black thing. That black thing was a ship. We touched it and took our hands away quickly because we didn't know what it would do to us. But we soon found out that it didn't hurt us, and it would have made your hearts glad if you had seen us talking to each other after we touched the ship.

We climbed up a rope ladder and got on the deck of the steamer. Then, for the first time, we saw real, live, white men. But we didn't go near them. We were surprized. We were not afraid of them. I was disappointed. Certainly, there was nothing wrong with them. They were as good looking as I am. (Laughter.) They had eyes, ears, nose, mouth, legs, arms, the same as my own father. The only funny thing about them was that they had trousers on. This made us laugh.

THE boys swarmed over the deck, smelling, tasting, feeling, with all the avid curiosity of monkeys. Presently Lobagola saw a stairway, and went down. He reached the engine-room and stayed to watch the wheels go round. While he was below, the crew weighed anchor, and the signal for all visitors to leave the ship was blown. The bush boys had never heard a siren, and Lobagola recites the fearful tragedy that followed:

The sudden blast of that whistle frightened them and they rushed to the rail and jumped over into the gulf, every one of them. And they could not swim. If I had been on deck with them I would have jumped also, because I would have been just as much afraid as they were.

But it just happened to be my fate, my good fortune, or misfortune, either one, that I was below in the engine-room. And you should hear how the captain, Captain Caley, described the boys struggling in the water. He said when they jumped over, the crew looked at them and laughed, but when they touched the water their laughter turned to horror. No man will jump into the Gulf of Guinea unless he is out of his mind, with all those sharks around.

Every boy was pulled under. He said, "I remember Oja-yola, that boy, five years old, was putting his leg over a canoe, but the other leg was dangling in the water and he was pulled away." They screamed after them, they threw life-buoys, and they threw lines, but not one survived. And in the log-book of the steamer to-day, not twenty years ago, but to-day, in the log-book of that same ship, is written:

"Thirteen native boys jumped over the side, out of fright of the siren, on the West Coast of Africa. Every effort was made to save them, but none survived."

Those are the words to-day in the log-book of that steamer.

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My companions were swallowed up by sharks in the Gulf of Guinea. And when I came on deck I saw the captain. I didn't know who he was. A white man! He was whiter than a white man. He had just witnessed a tragedy. When I came up, I called the boys by name because I thought they were hiding. I was frantic. I was afraid. I called them, "Akrim, Oja-yola, Mishaam, Ekusheka, Redeemghasha, Abughari, take me, take me." I was screaming when the man got hold of me and held me!

WHEN the steamer got into colder waters, effort was made to clothe the boy, but he fought and bit so hard that they had to let him go. Eventually the ship reached Glasgow. While the crew were busy at their tasks, the black boy ran down the gangplank as naked as he had boarded the ship in the Gulf of Guinea. A crowd went screaming after him. A kindly Scotchman picked up the frantic fugitive and carried him to his home. And, continues Lobagola:

He kept me there and fed me and clothed me and sent me to school, and then sent me back home to my own country, not just once, but five times. He paid my fare home and back to Scotland each time. He paid for everything I ever learned. He paid for everything I ever had, that gentleman did, in Scotland. He brought me up the same as he brought up his own son. I went over that quickly for you, when I said he clothed me and fed me and sent me to school. Don't you know, it took a twelvemonth to teach me to sit on a chair? It took a twelvemonth to teach me to lie in a bed? I could tell you plenty of what happened in that household up in Scotland. I could tell you what happened when I went back to my own land, after the first four years, drest in knickerbockers, jacket and bonnet, shoes and stockings—when I went back and met my own father. My mother was dead then, after four years. What a devil of a life! (Laughter.)

I will tell you why. When I got back there, I was showing off. I was too young and ignorant to know that I was doing everything contrary to the will of my own folks; wearing clothes; talking with females; looking up into their eyes when they talked to me. We are not allowed to do that.

It is against all our laws of etiquette, our laws of decency, to look in the face of a man who is older than yourself. And I forgot. I was taught in Scotland to look everybody in the face; that it is manly, that it is upright. Because I kept my head down they used to knock my chin up all the time. I got so used to it, there during that four years, that when I got back home I forgot to drop my head. I looked into my own father's face and into my own brother's face.

What disrespect! It is terrible! I was doing all those things contrary to native thought and ways. Why, they would have felt they were doing a duty by poisoning me. Rather that I would be dead than to come home and contaminate everybody, because they felt that I had the very devil in me.

Fitting the Punishment to the Crime.—BUSINESS MAN (rung up in error for the tenth time that morning)—"No, this is not Universal Flowerpots, Limited. This is MacNab and Company. MacNab! M for murder, A for arson, C for choke, N for nepoticide, A for assault, and B for battery!"—*Sydney Record.*

Our Need of the Oyster

WHY do we not eat more oysters? Because, expounds Dr. René Noël in *Marianne* (Paris), there was an oyster scare some years ago, and people generally have not yet recovered from it.

They still think the oyster may spread typhoid or other ills.

Now the healthy oyster, coming from sanitary beds, inspires enthusiasm in biochemists and health specialists; for the oyster is a perfect food. Says the doctor:

Taking it as made up of a hundred parts, seven of these comprise albuminoid material, two parts are fatty, four parts are of hydrocarbonated matter, and one part is mineral salts.

The oyster is a vitalized food with a remarkable richness in vitamins.

It contains the four fundamental vitamins—vitamin A, the so-called growth vitamin; vitamin B, foe of the beriberi disease, the vitamin of nutritive utility; vitamin C, which is antiscorbutic, and vitamin D, antirachitic or neutralizing rickets.

The oyster contains special chemical principles; emphasis should be laid on its high content of phosphates of calcium and magnesium.

The presence of iron must be noted specially. Moreover, in "green" oysters is a pigment which contains copper, evolved through the medium of a diatom.

Such biochemical details led experimenters to look into the power of the oyster as a preventive of anemia, and recent researches establish its blood-producing power.

Its potency in anemia seems to be greater than that of veal extract, a heroic expedient in cases of pernicious anemia.

It is well known that the oyster contains iodin in relatively strong doses if the bivalve be reared in beds supplied with seaweed.

Thus, the oyster is not merely a valuable food. It is a precious medicine which should not remain unknown.

A medical expert, after careful study, has just recognized the therapeutic importance of the oyster in the diet of the tuberculous, the convalescent, the dyspeptic, the poor in blood, and those suffering in other ways.

This May Hurt a Little

One of the camels was suffering from a decayed tooth that developed a serious abscess. It was decided to extract the molar. So the veterinarian ordered the camel brought to the hospital.

The tooth was extremely tender and the camel was in great pain. All expected trouble from the animal. Imagine the surprize when they began work and the camel showed signs of understanding what it was all about. The doctor tried to separate the animal's jaws, when to his astonishment the camel on its own account opened his mouth as far as he could and held out his head to permit inspection. The veterinarian examined the tooth, the camel holding perfectly still in the meantime. A pull with the instrument and out came the molar. Mr. Camel shut his mouth as if to say, "Now that's over," and went back to the zoo and had no more trouble. —*Milwaukee Journal.*

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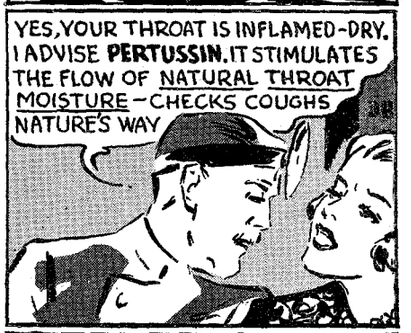
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Where Galsworthy's Fame Lay

IN 1893 a sailing-vessel named *Torrens* was nearing the Cape of Good Hope.

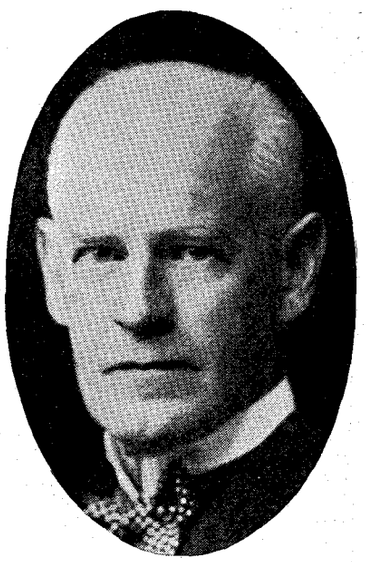
A young passenger was not long out of Oxford. He had abandoned his first project, the law, and, with a comfortable fortune, was embarked on a voyage of exploration of peoples and scenes.

That ship, in fact, carried two men who were later to make a deep and broad mark on the literature of England.

John Galsworthy was the traveler, and Joseph Conrad was first officer.

They became friendly, and Conrad asked the young Englishman to look over the manuscript of a yet unpublished novel. Galsworthy liked it, and told the seaman to go ahead, and the result was Conrad's step into fame with "Almayer's Folly."

Conrad's fame ran ahead of his mentor's, but posterity will have to decide which has made the greater contribution to English letters.



John Galsworthy:
A Critic of Life.

Galsworthy had "no solutions for our problems," G. K. Chesterton is quoted as saying.

Perhaps that is one reason why the fame of the great novelist, who has just died, was greater outside his own country than within.

"He represented the England of Victorian times better than anybody I know. He had all the virtues that Englishmen believe in."

The United States, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, in a way, watched at his bedside, and sent messages of sympathy to his family when the end came on January 31.

King George and Prime Minister MacDonald were among those attentive to his last hours.

But the intelligentsia of England were wary of accepting Galsworthy and, in some cases, questioned his worthiness of the Nobel prize awarded him last November.

He was, perhaps, as well known personally in America as in England. A London correspondent of the New York *Times* writes:

Mr. Galsworthy was never a familiar figure in London life like his contemporaries, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. He remained shy and retiring even at the height of his fame, and was happiest living quietly in his country home at Bury, Essex, away from the public eye.

Galsworthy's novels and plays make a rather formidable list. The New York *Sun* combines a general survey of these together with an interview with the author explaining his literary purposes:

His first novel, "Jocelyn," appeared in 1899. In the next twelve years he produced five great novels, ' The Island Pharisees, ' "The Man of Property," "The Country House," "Fraternity," and "The Patrician." This last was published in this country by Scribner, for Galsworthy had attained a vogue in America, where the sale of his books equaled or exceeded that in England.

Mr. Galsworthy considered these five his best work.

"Whether by accident or design," he told an interviewer for *The Sun* in New York in March, 1912, when he was here to attend the opening performance of his play, "The Pigeon," at the Little Theater, "you have in these books a complete survey of the upper sections of English society. In 'The Man of Property' there is the successful business man; in 'The Country House' appears the country landowner; 'Fraternity' deals with the man of culture; 'The Patrician' deals with the aristocrat, while 'The Island Pharisees' provides a kind of introduction, as it were, to a serious satirical exposition of all of them."

At this time Mr. Galsworthy had already written two important plays, "Justice" and "Strife."

"Justice," presenting a picture of the horrors of British prison life, profoundly imprest the British public and brought about reforms in the English prison system "Strife" set forth the struggle between capital and labor.

Mr. Galsworthy, because of the views exprest in that play, was looked upon in some quarters as a Socialist. While admitting, however, that his sympathies had always been with the underdog, he denied that he was a Socialist.

"The English and American communities," he said, "have undoubtedly become extravagantly individualistic, and are only now beginning, perhaps too late, to try to pull their horns in. Cruelty, meanness, and injustice, conscious or unconscious, are the extravagances and abuses of the sense of property, and to hate them is the extent of my Socialism.

"Of course, if you were to ask me what I believe is the solution of the situation between labor and capital, or how the crisis will be met when it comes, I can see nothing for it but the ultimate adoption of a co-operative system, at all events in those industries which are concerned with the production of the absolute necessaries, such as coal and foodstuffs. It is my opinion that the warfare between capital and labor will rapidly get very much worse unless some means is found of identifying the interests of the two forces which at present oppose one another."

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CURRENT POETRY

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UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

AMERICAN poetry loses a shining figure in the death of Sara Teasdale, whose volumes of verse from 1907 reached, with "Love Songs" (1917), the point of gaining the Pulitzer Prize of $500 and also the prize of equal value from the Poetry Society. Later volumes are "Flame and Shadow" (1920), "Dark of the Moon" (1920), and "Stars To-night" (1930).

Her death from undetermined causes has directed attention to somber qualities in her work such as here displayed:

I SHALL NOT CARE

BY SARA TEASDALE

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough,
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.

SONG

BY SARA TEASDALE

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten forever and ever—
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten
Long and long ago—
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
In a long forgotten snow.

IMMORTAL

BY SARA TEASDALE

So soon my body will have gone
Beyond the sight and sound of men,
And though it wakes and suffers now
Its sleep will be unbroken then;

But, oh, my frail immortal soul
That will not sleep forevermore,
A leaf borne onward by the blast
A wave that never finds the shore!

SONG MAKING

BY SARA TEASDALE

My heart cried like a beaten child
Ceaselessly the whole night long;
I had to take my own cries
And thread them into a song.

One was a cry at black midnight
And one when the first cock crew—
My heart was like a beaten child,
But no one ever knew.

Life, you have put me in your debt
And I must serve you long—
But oh, the debt is terrible
That must be paid in song.

MASTERY

BY SARA TEASDALE

I would not have a God come in,
To shield me suddenly from sin,
And set my house of life to rights.
Nor angels with bright burning wings
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things.
Rather my own frail guttering lights
Windblown and nearly beaten out,
Rather the terror of the nights
And a long sick groping after doubt.
Rather be lost than let my soul
Step vaguely from my own control—
Of my own spirit let me be
In sole, though feeble, mastery.

IF there were not just a suggestion of something used up and flung away, we would say that here is a brave way of meeting desertion. In *Inspiration* (St. Louis):

POSSESSION

BY ULRICA WHITAKER

You are not wholly hers,
A part of you is mine.

Your memories

Of when
We walked the graveled paths
In the moonlight,
Where the lagoon
Lay silver in the dusk
Of the dark trees . . . .
And you held me close
And softly,
Said three words to me.

Of when
We left the
Still pool in the stone quarry,
When the first blue of twilight
Was brightening
With the glow
Of a great, red moon . . .
And you stooped
And gave me a quick, boyish, stolen kiss.

Of when
We walked
Down the wet street,
And the silver drops
Pattered on our one umbrella . . . .
And we stopped
There in the rain,
Unmindful
Of everything
Except each other.

Let her have the rest . . .

JOYCE KILMER'S young son finds love a bit bitter. This in *Measure* (Journal of the Gerard Manley Hopkins Poetry Society of Georgetown University):

THE LASS WITH A DELICATE AIR

BY KENTON KILMER

Marian has laughing eyes,
  Mournful eyes, dancing eyes;
Marian is very wise,
  Darkly wise, brightly wise.
Marian has all my sighs,
  Doleful sighs of love.

Marian has slender hips,
  Lissom hips, graceful hips;
Marian has smiling lips,
  Bitter lips, lovely lips.
All my life is in eclipse
  Since she will not love.

A HUMAN-INTEREST story here from *Interludes* (Baltimore):

A MENDER OF CLOCKS

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER

I think that in his youth he must have known
  The disappointment of a thwarted plan,
  And now that he has all but passed life's span
The dream returns—perhaps had never flown.
For after years of toiling he has grown
  Too frail to tend the farm; a hired man
  Works in his stead; he muses, seems to scan
A distant sphere like one who walks alone.

And so he takes to mending broken clocks,
  Both large and small. Not any, it would seem,
Is too far gone; even those that knew hard knocks
  Grow strong and rhythmic as a living theme:
And as he listens to their buoyant chime
Age vanishes—his spirit soars with time.

ACUMEN

The Sharpness of the Mind

A keen mind may be likened to a sharp knife, which penetrates easily and quickly. For clean-cut action, both the knife and the mind must be sharp. So it is natural that, when a word was needed to denote the faculty of keen, penetrating thought, the Latin word for "sharpness" should be borrowed. *Acuere*, in Latin, means "to sharpen" and *acumen* means "sharpness." English borrowed *acumen* and used it figuratively for sharpness of the mind. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

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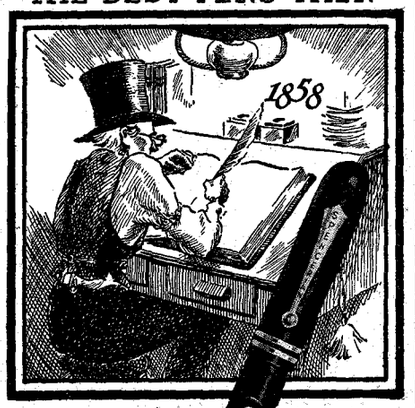

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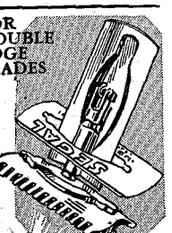

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Down Go the Interest Rates

IT was slow in gathering headway.

But to-day the movement toward lower interest rates on bank deposits and on farm and urban real-estate mortgages is sweeping over the country with irresistible momentum, writes Charles F. Speare for the Consolidated Press.

He calls it "a recognition of the fact that with so much money unemployed, old rates of interest are not justified, and that when so many mortgagors are crippled as to their ability to pay interest, it becomes the obligation of creditors to readjust their rates of interest, not only to this situation but to the general downward trend in all terms at which capital is being put to use."

Here are New York banks cutting the interest rate on time deposits from 1 per cent. to one-half of 1 per cent.

Here are New York savings banks reducing the rate on deposits to 3 per cent. from 3½ per cent. Only a couple of years ago they were paying as much as 4½ per cent.

A few weeks ago the Reconstruction Finance Corporation cut the interest rate on its loans by one-half of 1 per cent. At the beginning of the year the leading title and mortgage companies of New York cut their rate for new and renewed loans from 5½ per cent. to 5 per cent. Other institutions have been cutting the mortgage rate from 6 per cent. to 5½ per cent.

A TEMPORARY reduction of interest rates during the present emergency would help improve business conditions, declares U. G. Stockwell of Albany, president of the New York State Association of Real Estate Boards: "Large corporations and big business can not pay 6 per cent. for money, and neither can the home-owner."

Benjamin Winter, the well-known New York real estate operator, calls for a drastic reduction of interest rates. He highly approves of the efforts of certain mortgage companies to persuade holders of their guaranteed mortgage certificates to take 3 per cent. instead of the prevailing 5½ per cent. interest, so that owners will have their rate cut to 3½ per cent. instead of 6. Mr. Winter hopes "in the interest of national survival," other institutions will do the same, "so that the distrest owner shall be relieved as quickly as possible of the crushing 5½ or 6 per cent. rate." Says John A. Ward, a New York real-estate broker:

The time has come for bankers to drop their old rates of 6 per cent. and 5½ per cent., which prevailed in prosperous times. The only solid policy for banks to adopt to-day is to charge a rate of interest which is adjusted to the sharply reduced incomes of real estate. The adoption of a standard rate of 4 per cent. for the next three years would serve as a tremendous stimulant to restore confidence in real estate.

During the last three years we have witnessed a drastic decline in the price of almost everything except mortgage rates, and high taxation rates.

Interest rates are declining all over the world. England has converted several billion dollars' worth of bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest into new bonds bearing 3½ per cent. interest. France has recently converted huge war loans where the savings on interest rates were as high as 2½ per cent. a year.

A NUMBER of New York savings banks are actually cutting rates on existing mortgages at the same time that they cut the interest rate on deposits. Ralph Hendershot, financial editor of the New York *World-Telegram*, considers this a tremendously interesting development which should work out to the advantage of all parties concerned. He adds:

Readers should not necessarily jump to the conclusion that all they have to do is apply to the banks, tell a hard-luck story and have their mortgage interest reduced. The banks are treating each case on its merits, and it is to their advantage to make certain that owners can not meet their full payments before authorizing cuts.

Mr. Hendershot calls attention to the suggestion of Mr. Luigi Criscuolo, a Wall Street banker, "that Congress give the President full power to act in the reduction of interest charges on corporation bonds and real-estate mortgages for a period of five years, or to appoint an economic dictator to see that such action is taken." The Criscuolo idea is a 25 per cent. cut, and Mr. Hendershot remarks that a reasonable reduction in interest rates "would not necessarily work a hardship on the lender; the purchasing power of the interest received would be equal to that at the time the loans were granted."

BUT at least one note of protest comes from a spokesman for investors in mortgages. A letter written to the New York *Herald Tribune* argues that lenders on real estate never did make more than a fair profit, even during the famous "new era" but now "they are sharing the losses due to the errors and speculations of others, and are asked to make further sacrifices by reducing interest rates":

A reduction in taxes, together with a reduction in mortgage interest rates may save a few properties, but not all by any means. Those properties built during the boom at 100 per cent., and more, above normal values will have to be deflated and liquidated, painful as it will be, just as so many other things have been deflated and liquidated. The real-estate speculator is squealing and trying to unload some of his troubles on the honest investors in guaranteed mortgages.

It isn't fair; it does not seem honorable, especially since no offer is made to reimburse the lender for his sacrifices in the remote event the property is saved from foreclosure and again becomes profitable.

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Tame R. F. C. "Revelations"

THE curtain hiding those enormous secret loans of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is raised at last.

And what do we find? To those who were looking for hot scandal in the great outpourings of money, the disclosures are just so much cold bookkeeping. Not a clue in a column, not a crime in a billion. One hundred and fifty pages of figures showing who got the first $1,171,983,307 loaned by the R. F. C. And that, it seems, is about all there is to it.

It is interesting, however, to note the division of the huge sums handed out by the R. F. C. in the first six months of its activity, from February to July, 1932. Loans made since then have been made public monthly by the House, but the earlier ones were, until recently, a secret that irritated Congressional critics.

Borrowers who obtained $1,171,983,307 in the first six months, compared with $475,000,000 loaned since, later increased their indebtedness by more than $23,000,000, bringing the total of their commitments traceable to the "dark days" to $1,195,305,774.

"Of this amount," says Dewey L. Fleming in the Baltimore *Sun*, "$1,120,292,572 actually was disbursed, and up to January 6 of this year $267,532,363 had been paid back, leaving $838,651,875 due the corporation from these borrowers."

The division of the funds actually disbursed out of the early commitments are given thus by Mr. Fleming:

Banks and trust companies	$676,526,785
Building and loan associations	62,817,392
Insurance companies	53,770,378
Mortgage loan companies	80,203,044
Credit unions	373,352
Federal land banks	18,800,000
Joint stock land banks	1,163,981
Agricultural credit corporations	650,102
Live-stock credit corporations	7,042,983
Railroads	218,944,553

Chief interest attached to the huge loan —$90,000,000—made to the Central Republic Bank and Trust Company, Chicago, of which Charles G. Dawes, former head of the R. F. C., is an official. Up to January 6 the bank had repaid $23,576,238.

THE largest railroad borrowers were Pennsylvania with $27,500,000 and Baltimore and Ohio with $25,500,000.

Here, says the St. Paul *Daily News*, "is a victory for those who oppose secrecy in government spending." "But the damage done by the earlier secrecy has been done," it adds; "public confidence in the impartiality, if not integrity, of the corporation has been impaired."

But the uncertainties of last year justified the R. F. C. "in fearing that publication of the businesses it was aiding would cause trouble," asserts the Kansas City *Journal Post*. However, "enough time has elapsed since the early loans were made so that the publication of them now is not likely to injure the borrowers."

That Truncated Steel Dividend

SIX months ago holders of preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation were warned that the continuance of the dividend was dependent on the Corporation's earnings and business improvement. So everybody should have known by this time that a cut was about due.

And yet when it came even wise Wall Street was surprized. As the New York *Times* notes, the prevailing belief was that the payment would be seventy-five cents or a dollar. But nobody had guessed that the disbursement would be fifty cents, putting the stock on a $2 annual basis instead of the normal $7. Remarks the New York *Herald Tribune's* market writer:

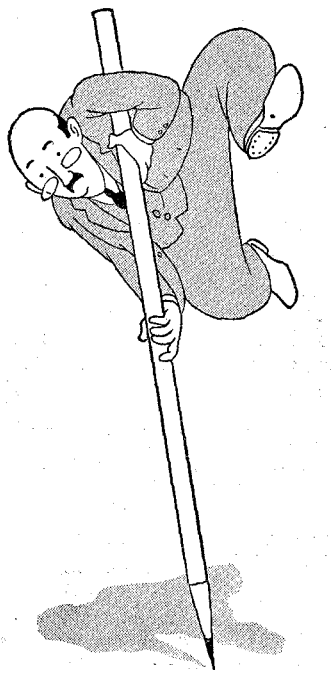
> The declaration of 50 cents a share on the preferred was probably made largely for sentimental reasons, since it had to be made out of surplus.
>
> By making this disbursement the corporation maintains unbroken its record for paying a dividend on the preferred during every year since 1901. This is the first time in thirty-two years, in fact, that the full $1.75 dividend has not been paid in each quarter. After paying the fifty-cent dividend the total deficit of the company for the final quarter of 1932 was $18,530,773, against a total deficit for the third quarter, when $1.75 was paid, of $27,176,628. The company not only failed to earn preferred dividends during 1932, but showed operating deficit for the year of $31,949,937. This compares with operating income for 1931 of $60,356,036.

THE reduction of the preferred dividend does not seem to the New York *Journal of Commerce* to indicate any unexpected pessimism on the part of the Steel's directors:

> Payment of the dividend hinged largely on the willingness of the management of the enterprise to deplete cash resources further to maintain the strong investment record of the issue. In view of the uncertainties facing the industry, the decision was to keep up a strong cash status pending a favorable turn in the situation.

The Steel Corporation, says *The Journal of Commerce* elsewhere, also "sees fit to share certain of the benefits of its strong cash position with labor," "the policy of the management having been directed at keeping the regular forces employed as far as possible, altho curtailing working time as the rate of actual operations necessitated." Under such a policy "the reestablishment of even small operating earnings will probably await the attainment of a level of operations around 25-30 per cent. of capacity, as compared with the average rate of 18.3 per cent. which was maintained during 1932."

Several papers point out that the Steel Corporation cut into its cash resources by more than $50,000,000 during 1932, but that the Corporation does not state what it has left. A New York *Times* market writer, however, reminds us that the total on September 30 last was nearly $131,000,000, which was $26,000,000 lower than the figure reported at the end of 1931.



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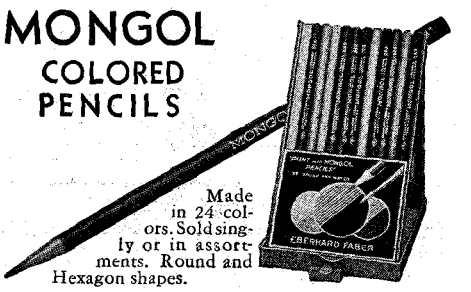

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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We Can Beat 'Em.—India has 43,600,000 "untouchables"—outcasts of Hindu society. But have you tried to make a "touch" in your own country!—*St. Paul News.*

Coarse Work.—Three men were sentenced in Chicago for carrying weapons in their automobiles. They should have understood that in Chicago that's what violin cases are for.—*St. Paul News.*

He Wins the Silver-Mounted Jimmy.—MAGISTRATE—"You've committed six burglaries in a week."

PRISONER—"That's right. If every one worked as hard as I do we'd be on the road to prosperity."—*Humorist (London).*

Social Passports.—
A dainty foot,
A lovely torso
Can make a friend-
Ly feeling more so.
—*Evelyn Love Cooper in Judge.*

Believe It or Not.—From California comes the news that D. L. FEATHERS has a bird store in Oakland, and E. B. FOX a fur shop. While up in Portland, Oregon, NEER and FARR have trucking business.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

'Sposin' Pigs Had Wings.—MABEL—"What's worrying you, David?"

DAVID—"I was just wonderin' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon, supposin' you said 'yes' if I asked you."—*Buen Humor.*

Try the Back of a Chair.—SANDY—"I want a cheap coat-hanger."

ASSISTANT—"Yes, sir; twopence."

SANDY—"Twopence! Is there nothing cheaper?"

ASSISTANT—"Yes, sir, a nail."—*Cape Argus.*

Can't Forget It.—A group of Washington physicians has been observing a man who has been laughing steadily for twenty-five years, altho Congress has been out of session at frequent intervals during that time.—*Boston Herald.*

Does a Flea Ever Forget?—TEACHER (to bring out the idea of size)—"Mention a difference between an elephant and a flea."

TOMMY—"Well, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."—*Everybody's.*

Easy One.—"Robert," said the teacher, to drive home the lesson which was on charity and kindness, "if I saw a man beating a donkey and stopt him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

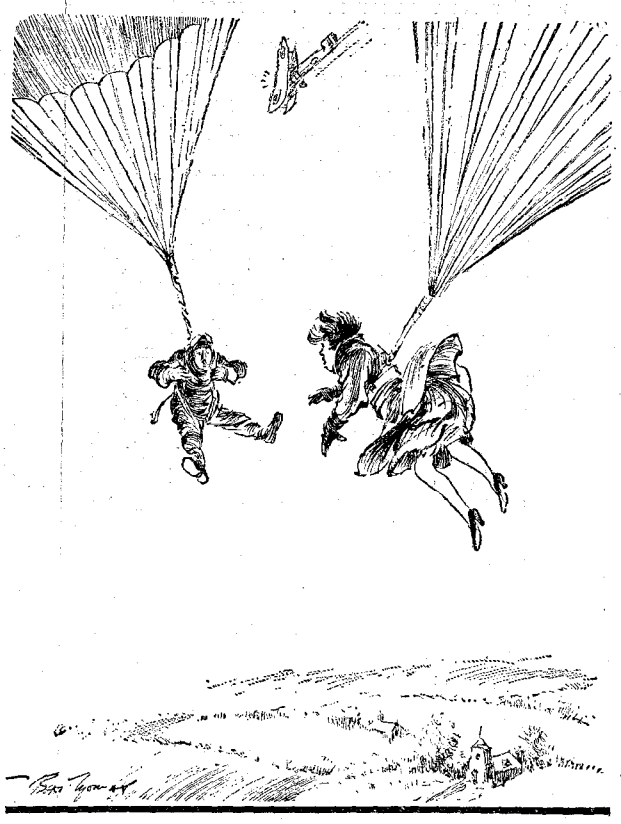
"Brotherly love," said Bobby.—*Boston Transcript.*

Looping the Loop.—POLITICAL SPEAKER—"What we need is a working majority and then—"

A VOICE—"Better reverse it, mister. What we really need is a majority working."—*Washington Labor.*

If Hungry, Eat in a Phone Booth.—DINER—"Waiter, the portions seem to have got a lot smaller lately."

WAITER—"Just an optical illusion, sir. Now that the restaurant has been enlarged, they look smaller—that's all."—*Fliegende Blätter.*



"Come round here, dear, and see if I'm fixt up all right at the back." "The Humorist" (London).

Dolling Up the Noiseless.—"What has kept you so late?"

"I was fixing a new ribbon on my typewriter."

"You ought to be ashamed to own it. You get rid of her or there'll be trouble!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

She Started Something.—Two lady school-teachers from Brooklyn, spending their sabbatical year exploring western Canada, stopt at a small and old-fashioned hotel in Alberta recently.

One of the pair was inclined to be worrisome when traveling, and she couldn't rest until she had made a tour of the corridors to hunt out exits in case of fire. The first door she opened, unfortunately, turned out to be that of the public bath, occupied by an elderly gentleman taking a shower.

"Oh, excuse me!" the lady stammered, flustered. "I'm looking for the fire escape." Then she ran for it.

To her dismay, she hadn't got far along the corridor when she heard a shout behind her and, looking around, saw the gentleman, wearing only a towel, running after her. "Where's the fire?" he hollered.—*Washington Labor.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Tight Fit?—BEAUTIFUL apt., overstuffed and tiled bath, $25. 515 N. 13th St.—*Phœnix (Ariz.) Republic.*

Catering to All Tastes.—
BLANK'S TOILET WATER,
Mignonette and Stynx, $1 size..... 69c
Special Package
—*San Francisco paper.*

We'd Hate to Meet Him Near a Cemetery.—
Thunderhawk Man Has
Cotton Tail With Horns
—*Unidentified clipping.*

Big Chief.—Born, December 17, to Mr. and Mrs. H—— E—— of College Avenue, a son.
Answered Three Alarms
—*Adrian (Mich.) Daily Telegram.*

Give Her a Bran Mash.—The visiting nurse is just as kind to the grown-ups, too, and to the aged—to young and old alike she brings her comfort—she is calf and gentle, capable and cheerful.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Settle It Between Yourselves, Folks.—The chorus choir will sing Stevenson's anthem, "I Sought the Lard," and G. Walter Irwin, basso, will sing Handel's "But Who Shall Abide?"—*Warren (Pa.) Times-Mirror.*

Rough on Bossy.—Game protectors in Supervisor W. L. Wright's division, with headquarters at Trauger, killed in the past year the following vermin: Dogs (unlicensed or chasing game) 141; house cats, 329; foxes, 17; cows, 1,712; hawks, 112, and owls, 9. They also destroyed 27 cow nests and 10 hawks nests during the nesting season.—*Altoona (Pa.) Mirror.*

"When a Man's Married."—
1 package fine needles
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
3 eggs, whites beaten separately
Salt and pepper to taste
1 small can pimientoes, diced

Drop the needles in boiling salted water and cook for twenty minutes. Drain, rinse under hot water, etc.—*Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.*

When Teacher's Brain Reels.—One of the most upsetting factors in many a hopeful teacher's attempt at ability grouping is the fact that after the job is carefully done we find a number of really poor students in the faster groups and a number of really excellent students in the really poor students in the faster groups and a number of really poor students in the faster groups and a number of really excellent students in the slower groups.—*Wisconsin Journal of Education*

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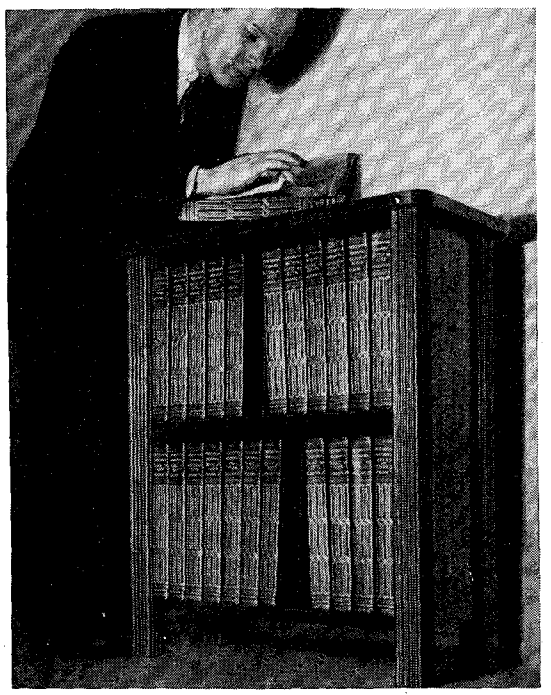

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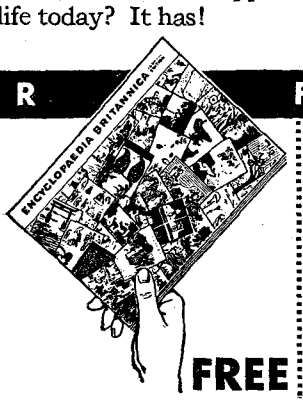

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